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## The Week

WHEN this issue of the New Republic reaches most of its readers, the Republican convention will be over. As we go to press, the balloting has not yet begun, and we must postpone our comment on the action of the delegates until next week. It is not too soon, however, to observe that, whatever the turn of events, Mr. Hoover will have a deep and legitimate grievance against Mr. Coolidge. The latter, by permitting the "draft" movement to go on for months before the convention met, endangered Mr. Hoover's chances either fatally or nearly so. Since the President had never indicated that he favored any third candidate, such as Mr. Hughes, the only explanation of his silence that anyone was able to offer was a desire, after all, to run again himself—an explanation which, in view of his repeated, if faint-hearted, repudiations of his candidacy, would be thoroughly discreditable to him. Between them, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon have absolute control of the destinies of the Republican party. They have played fast and loose with their responsibility with an utter contempt, not only for Mr. Hoover's rights as the supposed administration candidate, but for the right of the public which—in theory—should have some voice in the selection of the nominee who is likely to be the next President.

WE are heartily in agreement with President Coolidge when he says in his budget speech, "Prosperity is only an instrument to be used, not a deity to be worshiped." We can only wish that the spirit of his entire administration and of his adherents in the community had conformed with these fair words. In comparing the present position with the depression of 1921, he rightly says that the human element deserves to be stressed first, and discusses unemployment. He then proceeds to minimize the importance of the subject by citing the inaccurate underestimate of the Department of Labor that there are "not much more than" 1,800,000 out of work, and by adding, on his own account, the further inaccuracy that nearly one-half of these are normally unemployed. (The Labor Department's estimate did not include normal unemployment.) "Forces are in operation," he says, "which promise to take care" of the unemployed. It is obvious that these forces—whatever they are—do not arise from any program of the national government, which has consistently ignored the concrete recommendations of the experts on the subject.

GOING on to illustrate our present good fortune by comparison with 1921, Mr. Coolidge mentions the fact, which he apparently believes remarkable, that in the spring of 1928 manufacturing output was nearly one-third higher than during the blackest depression of our recent history, and after a growth of seven years. "Several," he says, "of the mining industries" have been active this year. Not to mention that by far the most important mining industry—the very base of our whole industrial system—has never been in worse confusion. Check payments have been large (due to stock speculation). And so on. Then comes the old story of economy, debt paying and tax reduction. Mr. Cool-


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idge, however, breaks comparatively new ground, for him, in bewailing the rise of local government expenditures. He almost seems to think that we could have experienced the tremendous growth since 1921 which he describes, with its building boom, its automobile production and its increased incomes, without increased state and local expenditures for roads, schools, public buildings and services of all kinds. To cap the climax, he places the blame for unemployment on the resulting local taxes, which he says discourage enterprise. "If all the money that can be made in employing labor is going to be taken away in local taxes," he moans, "old and established industries will attempt to struggle along, but new enterprise is not going to be undertaken." We have noticed the U. S. Steel Corporation, General Electric, American T. and T., General Motors and the big utilities "attempting to struggle along." And we wonder how many would not now be unemployed if states, counties and municipalities had not enlarged their construction programs as business failed to find further uses for its enormous surplus profits, except in speculation.

BY failing to sign the Muscle Shoals bill within ten days after Congress adjourned, President Coolidge has prevented it from becoming a law—unless the courts should decide that the summer recess is not a true adjournment according to the meaning of the Constitution. By thus exercising the "pocket veto" the President has, as we predicted, executed the will of the private-power companies, contrary to the best business interests of the government and of the individual consumer of electricity. He has done so, moreover, as we did not anticipate, by a peculiarly cowardly method. The "pocket veto" is merely a device by which the President may thwart the will of Congress without making a public statement of his reasons for doing so, or taking any positive action. If it is ever justified, it certainly was not justified in this instance, when after years of debate Congress had finally made up its mind on what to do about a national issue of great importance. The only conclusion that may fairly be drawn is that the President felt that an expression of his reasons for the veto would add more to the weakness than to the strength of the administration and would not help in the campaign. If Mr. Hoover is the nominee, as the inheritor of the Coolidge regime, this incident makes it more incumbent on him than ever clearly to declare his position on Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and the control of power generally. If he does not do so, he can justly be blamed, not only for the Coolidge policy, but for the Coolidge cowardice.

REPARATIONS Agent S. Parker Gilbert in his interim report makes it clear, both that the receipts of the German government are ample to pay (internally) the full reparations total under the Dawes Plan, and that this payment will involve considerable sacrifice for the German population. For he berates the government for not allowing the railroads to raise their rates, and deplores the expenditures of state and local governments for public improvements. Apparently he does not discuss the problem of transfer, except indirectly. He mentions the fact that German borrowings abroad reached a record total last year, and encourages the restriction of such borrowings. But he does not explain how, without this import of capital, sufficient foreign exchange could be bought to take care of the transfer, without depressing the value of German currency. Another angle of the foreign debt problem was touched by Owen D. Young in his commencement address at Bryn Mawr. He wants the Allied debts to this government to be sold to private investors and thus made economic instead of political. But this is no means of dodging the problem of reducing them to the proper size. For if they are not so reduced, either the private investors who buy the debts will be cheated, or they will make as much international friction as if the debts were due to our government.

THE quarrel between Church and State in Mexico seems likely to be settled soon, thanks largely, it is understood, to the unofficial but highly valuable intervention of Ambassador Morrow. While no details of the proposed arrangement have been made public, it is reported that a compromise will be sought on the more important of the immediate issues which caused the break two years ago. The government will probably concede that no priests need be registered save those actively engaged in conducting church services, and the Church in return may accept in principle the nationalization of its properties. The details are of less importance, from the point of view of either side, than the fact that a solution is being attempted in a spirit of good will. In the past, each side has had some genuine grievances against the other, and no miraculous overnight alteration of feeling may be expected. Some bitterness will continue, but it is a great gain, nevertheless, that the deadlock should be broken. Rome, which is far wiser than the Mexican hierarchy, will no doubt take good care that the improved state of things continues.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK has resigned as head of the Chinese Nationalist army, on the ground that the military operations have ended and he is no longer needed. The action serves to still the fear which had been justified by his own past history and that of China in general, that he would follow the military victory with an attempt to make himself dictator. Feng Yu-hsiang still remains to be reckoned with; the drive on Peking would probably not have succeeded without his aid, and he is much more of the military adventurer than Chiang. The latter began this year's campaign under the threat that if he did not, he would be removed from his post

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by the Nationalist government, while Feng came in of his own accord. The latter's troops are outside Peking, and there is some danger that they may seek to take it over forcibly from the Nationalist army. If the patriotic Chinese of the Nationalist government can prevent another *coup d'état,* on the part of Feng or someone else, they will have conquered the greatest obstacle at present in their path.

HOWEVER foolish the Communists may have been in attempting to start a strike in the Fall River cotton mills, Chief of Police Martin Feeney had no right to stop their organizing rally which was scheduled for the night of June 6 at Eagles' Hall. The Chief heard that the Textile Mills Committee, which is a creature of the Workers' party, was coming to Fall River to start a strike movement in sympathy with the strike in New Bedford. He forbade the meeting on the ground that the speakers were "radical reds" coming to "incite trouble." So he advertised the Communist case and started a dramatic fight which will doubtless end in the defeat of his own policy and may help to precipitate a strike in the Fall River mills. Such a strike would be a serious tactical blunder at the present moment, because Fall River is a destitute city with thousands of workers unemployed, and because the New Bedford strike is absorbing all the relief just now available. This New Bedford strike, incidentally, is still 100 percent effective, although the shortage of funds has compelled the relief committee to reduce its allowance to $2 per week for a man and wife and $.50 per week for each child.

THE Federal Radio Commission has ordered more than 150 broadcasting stations to show cause at once why they should not be forced to suspend their activities. It was high time that this was done; in most parts of the country the ether was unbearably crowded. Many stations have confined their efforts to advertising local bakeries and grocery stores, interspersing these sales talks with the playing of phonograph records of jazz music; there is good reason to believe that perhaps 20 percent of the broadcasters have enjoyed 80 percent of the listening. So far as can be judged, the list of stations which the Commission has moved against is in general an excellent one. A decided exception, however, is the Debs Memorial station, WEVD, in New York City. As our readers doubtless know, this station was established as a memorial to the late Eugene V. Debs, the well loved Socialist leader. It affords, in the heavily populated metropolitan area, a voice, and the only voice of its kind, for every sort of liberal and radical cause which is refused a place before the microphone by the ordinary type of commercial station. For it to be shut down by the Federal Radio Commission would be a calamity strictly comparable to that if the government were to order all the liberal press in the same area to cease publication. We urge our readers who believe in free speech on the ether to write to the Federal Radio Commission, Washington, D. C., or to the station itself, at 31 Union Square, New York City, and say so. A torrent of protests has already arisen, and cannot fail to dramatize the fact that if this order is not reversed, the Radio Commission will have violated its own announcement of an intention to be fair to minorities.

## A Short View of Party Conventions

THE national convention of a major party is a peculiarly American contribution to the art of democracy. No other self-governing people has imitated the device, and, we are bound to add, there is no good reason why any of them should. It embodies all the worst infirmities of political democracies and few, if any, of their real or alleged advantages. Democracy as a form of government is supposed to reach important decisions about policy and leadership as a result of consulting fully and fairly the interests and opinions of all the important sectional, class, and functional groups in the community. In practice, however, it is found important to limit the area of this consultation to the boundaries of a nation-wide party which strives to mass a majority of the voters behind a narrower choice of policies and leaders. An efficient national party can use, consequently, a parliament of its own which assembles periodically to select its leaders and to thrash out differences of opinion about its official policy. The Jacksonian Democracy was the first national party to try out such an organ of exclusively partisan representation, and the invention looked to its founders like a valuable contribution to the art of democratic government. Unfortunately it required for its operation the institution of similarly comprehensive machinery of party management. As soon as the national party is established in the confidence of the voters, the professional politicians who man its machinery begin to dominate its assemblages. They instinctively conspire to keep the power in their own hands and to minimize the amount of free consultation and discussion which enter into the process of reaching partisan decisions. It is their business to get results with the least possible hesitation and friction. They can always justify as a necessary means of efficiency any particular attempt to suppress or evade deliberation and free consultation among insubordinate groups in the party.

For at least two generations the effort of the professional politicians to keep the management of both parties in their own hands has dominated American national conventions. They have consistently done their best to subordinate to what they took to be the condition of success the effort of the

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free party membership to develop independent programs and leaders. They have not, of course, been uniformly successful in their attempts to maintain this formal discipline. They themselves frequently reflect the differences within the party membership; they are comparatively powerless to suppress the effects on party unity of conflicts of sectional interest; and occasionally the conflicting factions get out of hand, as they did in the Republican convention of 1912 and the Democratic convention of 1924. Whenever they do, however, the rebels transform what should be an opportunity for mutual consultation either into a pretext for an open breach, or, if they bring the explosion to an end without secession, it is by a peace of exhaustion. A national convention usually assembles, more or less inhibited and overshadowed by fear of what the consequences would be of permitting discussion to fly off into dissension, and this omnipresent fear makes its proceedings mechanical, dreary, equivocal, evasive and so, full of meaningless sound and fury. For the most part the deliberative agencies of our two national parties do not dare to let themselves deliberate. They are afraid to talk their differences out. They shirk the effort and the risk of discussing in the open constructive adjustments of their conflicts. They have ceased to conceive of their party parliaments as opportunities of educating their members about the nature of current issues and of developing the better political abilities of their leaders. In so far as public discussion is permitted, it is limited to set speeches or newspaper interviews which are the expression merely of political calculations, personal or party pretensions or some other kind of verbal double-crossing. They reduce politics to the lowest and cheapest of human arts and the exercise of political intelligence to the ingenious elaboration of ways to fool the individual and the public conscience.

Yet an observer would do well not to place too censorious an interpretation upon the cheapening influence which the national conventions exert on American politics. In all times and in all countries it is conditions rather than ideals which have determined the stuff of politics—the conditions which individuals and groups are obliged to recognize in order to exercise the collective power of society; and for this reason political warfare has usually brought out the least admirable and the most compromising traits of human nature. Politicians and statesmen often believe that they are exerting power, when in point of fact the desire for power imposes on them submission to the conditions of its exercise. In the case of the United States the institution of a popularly elected President, armed with complete executive authority and independent of the legislature, is the condition which accounts for most of the characters and many of the defects of the national party conventions. The President of the United States is the purveyor of more power over the lives of more human beings than any other man in the world and than most potentates in history. When the social life of any people becomes more highly organized, as is the case with America of today, it craves increasingly the reassurance of beholding and even revering some active and responsible symbol of its own unity. It looks toward kingship. The President is coming to be, in spite of the precautions which the fathers of the Republic devised against it, a veritable king by election. He cannot, to be sure, override the other departments of the government, but the irresistible expansion in executive functions enables him to dominate them, and if he wishes to mobilize public opinion against them, he starts with every advantage on his side.

Kings, when they exist, are rarely elected; but if they are, the politics of the community is necessarily dominated by the process of electing them. It is one thing to pick out a many-headed representative assembly; it is another to pick out a single-headed executive who also is required to be representative. The President is symbolically the servant, the leader and the figure-head of the entire country. Yet he is actually chosen by a majority of an electoral college of dummies; and the practical politics of the United States is completely dominated by the necessity of manufacturing this majority. The necessity is so great that the majority tends to be arbitrary, exclusive, often meaningless and more often ruthless. A parliament which is ruled by a majority provides, of course, a place for minority representation, but a President, by the nature of his functions and by the limitations of individuality, is obliged to be all one thing or nothing. This mutual dependence between the presidency and an effective majority accounts in part for the rigid discipline which prevails in American party politics during a presidential campaign and the relaxation at other times; it accounts for the drastic instruments, privations, and sacrifices which are employed to build up majorities; and it accounts also for the increasing impotence of political minorities. Having no chance of becoming an effective majority, they eventually die of discouragement. The national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties are determined in all their essential processes by the effort to bind together with external bonds a majority which is capable of electing a President but which is united by nothing else in common.

Their worst defect is not that they are what they are or that they allow their members a chance to express only the least admirable political qualities, but that they are incapable of self-reformation. They are determined in their organization and operation by the conditions which we have sketched, and they have neither the will nor the ability to realize what is the matter with them or to envisage other and better ways of reaching party decisions. They are lifeless political machines of parties whose professional leaders are occupied almost entirely with engineering elections. The only effort to improve them in our times has consisted of the direct

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primary, which is useful occasionally in local but almost never in national elections. It is questionable whether up to date any candidate has been nominated by means of the presidential primaries who would not have been nominated without them. In 1912, Mr. Roosevelt, by casting his hat in the primary ring, may have prevented the reëlection of Mr. Taft, but in spite of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was the choice of a majority of the Republican voters, it did not prevent Mr. Taft's nomination as the regular Republican candidate. During the same year Champ Clark proved to be as popular in the primaries as Woodrow Wilson. It was the Democratic convention under the brilliant leadership of William J. Bryan, rather than the Democratic voters, which decided Wilson's nomination. In 1916 there was no real contest for the nomination of either party. In 1920 the late Leonard Wood tried to nominate himself by a personal appeal to the Republican voters and as an independent anti-machine candidate, but he failed, and it was a pet of the politicians who was finally nominated. There was a bitter fight in 1924 between two Democratic candidates, but the fight was waged in the convention rather than in the primaries, and the primaries had little or nothing to do with the nomination of Davis.

Of course the two parties and their conventions continue to work. They choose candidates who are or are not elected, and they formulate platforms which are painted to look like wood, but actually consist of pasteboard. Because they perform a necessary job, they are accepted as part of the order of society by the politicians and the public, and their most absurd and obnoxious characteristics remain uncriticized and for the most part unnoticed. But the people, who will not criticize national conventions and parties as long as they work, forget that machines which work also wear out and cease to work. The American national conventions and parties, as now organized and conducted, are obviously wearing out. The politics of even a semi-educated democracy cannot continue to function in such a complete vacuum of living ideas, aspirations, purposes and convictions. Mr. Hoover will be nominated, if at all, because he has promised to follow in Mr. Coolidge's footsteps. He was opposed in his own party ostensibly only for one reason: his election was doubtful. Al Smith will be nominated, on the other hand, because he was the only Democratic candidate whose defeat was doubtful. Political controversy of this kind is too insipid to be endured and too futile to be preserved for long. American party politicians have succeeded far better than Mussolini in neutralizing any ideas but their own or any interests but those of their clients. They rarely have to suppress political or intellectual subordination. They have learned how to disqualify the people who practise it. But they are also increasingly disqualifying themselves for governing the country.

# The Boom of the Tariff Drum

ASTONISHING as it may seem that anyone should recommend higher protective tariffs as a cure for the ills of agriculture, it ought not to surprise us that Representative Hawley, successor to Mr. Green as chairman of the important Ways and Means Committee, has written a speech to that effect which is to be widely circulated and will probably be included in the Republican campaign textbook. Regardless of the action of the convention or the opinions of the candidates, no Republican campaign would be complete without a speech such as this. It pays obeisance to an ancient idol with a flourish which is as emotionally necessary as the meaning of the intonation is absurd.

Has not the burden of the farmers' complaint been that the tariffs which now are levied by the law are not effective in raising the American prices of such products as wheat above the world level by the amount of the duty? Has it not been explained again and again that this is because we produce a surplus of such products which the American market cannot absorb? Has it not been shown that manufacturing industries which have export surpluses benefit from protection only when they can exercise monopolistic control of domestic prices and practise dumping abroad? Were not the McNary-Haugen Bill and all its little cousins invented to provide a similar instrumentality of price control and dumping for the farmers? What, then, is the good of still higher tariff rates, without that price-fixing which the President has condemned?

Upon such treacherous fields of logic Mr. Hawley wisely does not enter. He merely says that in 1921, under so-called "free trade," the farm value of corn was 42.3 cents per bushel, while in 1923 and 1925, under Republican "protection," corn sold for 72.6 cents and 67.4 cents respectively. What could be simpler? Why confuse the farmers with scientific jargon about the business cycle, about post-war crop surpluses, about deflation and inflation?

Likewise Mr. Hawley, after commenting on the immense size of the domestic market, and the height of American wages, which give the American population the purchasing power to absorb large quantities of agricultural products, states: "The universal opinion of thoughtful men everywhere is that this truly magnificent result is founded on the protective tariff." It would seem emphatic enough to have left out either the "universal" or the "everywhere," but as it is, this sweeping statement either denies the great majority of reputable economists the right of being counted thoughtful, or leaves them simply nowhere. Meanwhile it takes no account of the exported surplus, which the farmers have, for at least four years, been saying is the crux of the problem.

And while Mr. Hawley has been vaunting our tariff-created prosperity, Mr. Herman Blum, of the Pennsylvania manufacturers, goes him one better.

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It seems that in spite of Republican tariffs (in this matter, Mr. Hawley says, "the people turned to the Republican party for relief and have never turned in vain") we should be more prosperous than we are. "It is not enough," says Mr. Blum, "that the Republican party should stand on old statements or that it should render lip service to the traditional 'policy of protective tariff.' The time has come to state unequivocally that the Republican party will revise the tariff upward for whichever industry needs it." And which industry does not? Mr. Blum wants "a vigorous Tariff Commission, thoroughly in sympathy with Republican principles of protection." Apparently the present Tariff Commission, after the ousting from control of those who in any circumstances might favor a lower duty, is still not vigorous enough.

We do not mean to scoff at the idea that some farm products do benefit from protection. As Mr. Arthur P. Chew remarked in our pages a few weeks ago, there are numerous items which we import, such as sugar, dairy products and wool, and which consequently may be raised in price by a duty. But the total value of such crops, when compared with our main staples such as grain, grain products and cotton, is inconsiderable. If the bulk of the farmers have to wait for relief until we are mainly a food-importing nation, they will have to wait until millions of them have been driven out of farming.

Even in cases of crops which we have to import in quantities, the benefit of the tariff to the farmer is sometimes dubious. Mr. Mark A. Smith, of the Institute of Economics, has shown this clearly in his book, "The Tariff on Wool." Schedule K has raised the domestic prices of wool above the world prices—though not always by the full amount of the tariff. But it does not pay many people in the United States to raise sheep exclusively, and to raise them for wool only—sheep ranges are so much more plentiful and cheaper in other lands. Most of our sheep are raised as an incident of other farming operations, and are more profitable for their meat than for their fleece. The higher prices of wool therefore do not cut much figure with the farmer. And as the tariff encourages sheep raising, the supply of mutton rises and impinges against the limits of a little expansible domestic market. We cannot protect mutton, because it is not imported anyway—the taste of our population will not accept frozen sheep-meat. Therefore the tariff, over a long period, does not much increase our flocks. It does, however, increase our clothing bill, when the costs are pyramided through to the ultimate consumer, by about $175,000,000 a year. This discourages the purchase of wool clothing, creates depressions in the textile industry, and is reflected in unemployment and poverty for many American wage-earners (who, Mr. Hawley tells us, are so much benefited by the tariff and must be relied upon as consumers of farm products). Somebody ought to whisper "Passaic" to Mr. Hawley.

It is safe to say that more farmers would benefit by a general reduction of tariff duties than would benefit by their raising. And there are now enough manufacturers who are in the same boat with the farmers in this respect so that we are not at all sure but what the Republican party may be forced to give lip service at least to revision—downward.

Nevertheless, no Republican bandwagon could rumble off to an impressive start without the traditional boom of its good old tariff drum—which always drowns out more troublesome noises.

## Impotent Federalism

FROM 1905 to 1915 the dominant influence in American politics was a revolt against the government which had prevailed since the end of the Civil War by professional politicians in the interest of private and particularly of incorporated business. This revolt sought by political means to check the abuses of power which big business was supposed to have committed. On the other hand, since March 4, 1921, the voters have entrusted the political welfare of the United States to the Republican party on the understanding that it would revive the kind of government which had prevailed from 1870 until 1905. So far from assuming that business acted in obedience to special interests which needed to be watched and regulated in the public interest, the government has assumed the existence of a substantial coincidence between the interests of business and the public welfare. It is interesting, however, to note that the Republicans have not attempted to destroy the administrative instruments which the progressives during their period of domination had forged for the regulation of business. All that they have sought to do is to check the growth of regulation by appointing to the administrative commissions politicians who were disposed to let business of all kinds do as it pleased.

One might infer, consequently, that, if the progressives ever regained the interest and confidence of the average voter, they could resume their interrupted work of socializing the operations of American business merely by electing once again progressive legislatures and executives. Unfortunately, however, such is not the case. It does not take account of the obstacles which in the meantime the Supreme Court has erected against any future attempt to regulate business by legislative and administrative action. During the past seven years the general tendency of the decisions of that body has been to amplify the scope of those ambiguous provisions of the Constitution which can be invoked to limit legislative and administrative action in relation to business. The progressives of twenty years ago, under the leadership of the late Theodore Roosevelt, were extremely suspicious of the power and the disposition of the Supreme Court to read into the federal Constitution a narrow protective view of the privileges of property and busi-

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ness, and they agitated, not always wisely or successfully, against judicial legislation of this kind. Of late years the Supreme Court has done much to vindicate these suspicions. With a minimum of public attention and an almost total absence of general public protest, it has handed down one decision after another which ties the hands of legislatures and commissions, both state and federal, with respect to business, which increases the rigid and dogmatic element in American constitutional law, and which will force any future progressive agitation to make the judicial legislation of the Supreme Court again a matter of political controversy. There is only one aspect to this veritable reaction in American constitutional interpretation which looks comparatively hopeful. These decisions have been less unanimously accepted by American legal opinion than by American public opinion. They have all been reached by a divided court. A series of minority dissents, endorsed always by two and frequently by three of the Justices, and which the lawyers of the future may regard as the really conservative as well as the more valid interpretation of American constitutional law, has impeached their righteous authority.

On another page of this issue Mr. R. G. Tugwell calls attention to an able and comprehensive dissent which Mr. Justice Stone has recently written, and in which Messrs. Holmes and Brandeis concurred, against the refusal on the score of arbitrary dogmatic reasons by the majority of the Court to prevent the legislature of New Jersey from regulating the fees of employment agencies in that state. But on the same day, May 28, the Court handed down a second decision which hampered in another and an equally embarrassing respect the powers of the legislatures of all the states. As long ago as 1877 Pennsylvania adopted a law which imposed a tax of eight mills on the dollar of the gross receipts of corporations engaged in the business of transportation within the state. A New Jersey corporation which conducted a taxi-cab business in Philadelphia subsequently challenged the tax on the ground that it violated the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. As a consequence of the tax it was obliged to carry on its business in competition with individuals and partnerships which were not subject to any similar tax on their gross receipts. Moreover, it was not exempted from any of the taxes which the state has imposed on its unincorporated competitors. It complained, consequently, of gross discrimination. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania sustained the tax and justified the discrimination. The Supreme Court of the United States, on the other hand, in an opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Butler, reversed the state court. According to its decisions the equal-protection clause does not subtract from the right of a state to adjust its legislation to difference in situation or forbid classification in that connection, but "it does require that the classification be not arbitrary but based upon a real and substantial difference having a reasonable relation to the subject of the particular legislation." Mr. Justice Butler denied the reasonableness of the classification. "The tax is imposed," he says, "merely because the owner is a corporation. The discrimination is not justified by any difference in the source of the receipts or in the situation or character of the property employed." The legislature had abused its discretion in imposing the tax and its act was declared invalid.

Mr. Justice Brandeis, together with Justices Holmes and Stone, dissented from the majority opinion at unusual length and with great care. He accepts in substance Justice Butler's definition of the issue. He repeats that while the equality clause does not forbid a state to classify for purposes of taxation, it does require that the classification shall be reasonable. But he attaches much more importance than Justice Butler did to the difference between a business carried on in corporate form and a similar business carried on by natural persons, and the Supreme Court had already, in his opinion, testified to the importance of the difference. The Corporation Tax Act of 1909 imposed a tax of 1 percent on the net income of corporations when a corresponding tax was not imposed on the incomes of individuals. Since the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment the net incomes of both corporations and individuals have been subjected to taxes of the same nature, but the tax imposed has discriminated sharply against at least many of the corporate businesses. The Court had justified the reasonableness of this discrimination by its decision in Flint vs. Stone-Tracy Company. In that decision the Court listed as follows the advantages which justify the imposition of special taxes on corporations: "The continuity of the business without interruption by death or dissolution, the transfer of property interest by disposition of shares of stock, the advantages of business controlled and managed by corporate directors, the general absence of individual liability, these and other things inhere in the advantages of business thus conducted which do not exist when the same business is conducted by private individuals or partnerships."

Justice Brandeis, after quoting this enumeration, goes on to say:

"In Pennsylvania the practice of imposing heavier burdens upon corporations dates from a time when there, as elsewhere in America, the fear of growing corporate power was common. The present heavier imposition may be a survival of an early effort to discourage the resort to that form of organization. The apprehension is now less common. But there are still intelligent, informed, just-minded and civilized persons who believe that the rapidly growing aggregation of capital through corporations constitutes an insidious menace to the liberty of the citizen; that it tends to increase the subjection of labor to capital; that, because of the

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guidance and control necessarily exercised by great corporations upon those engaged in business, individual initiative is being impaired and creative power will be lessened; that the absorption of capital by corporations, and their perpetual life, may bring evils similar to those which attended mortmain; that the evils incident to the accelerating absorption of business by corporations outweigh the benefits thereby secured; and that the process of absorption should be retarded. The Court may think such views unsound. But, obviously, the requirement that a classification must be reasonable does not imply that the policy embodied in the classification made by the legislature of a state shall seem to this Court a wise one. It is sufficient for us that there is nothing in the federal Constitution which prohibits a state from imposing a heavier tax burden upon corporations organized for the purpose of engaging exclusively in intrastate commerce; and that there is nothing inherently objectionable in the instrument which Pennsylvania selected for imposing the heavier burden —the gross receipts tax."

For the reasons which are given above, Justice Brandeis believes that Pennsylvania acted well within its power in imposing this particular tax, if the question was an open one, but in his opinion it is not open. The Court itself, after full consideration, had in the case cited already affirmed the validity of such legislation. The contention which the majority opinion sustained in the case of this Pennsylvania statute "differs in no essential respect from that made and over-ruled in Flint vs. Stone-Tracy Company. There as here the tax was imposed merely because the owner of the business was a corporation as distinguished from an individual or a partnership. There as here the character of the owner was the sole fact on which the distinction was to depend. There as here the discrimination was not based on any other difference in the course of the income or the character of the property employed," and to clinch the matter Justice Brandeis quotes from the decision in a more recent case (Fort Smith Lumber Company vs. Arkansas) in which the validity of a state statute discriminating against corporations was sustained, and in which it was said, "a state may have a policy in taxation," and that "a discrimination between corporations and individuals with regard to a tax like this cannot be pronounced arbitrary, although we may not know the precise ground of policy which led the state to insert the distinction in the law."

If Justice Brandeis is right, the Supreme Court has in this instance reversed itself; and it has gone out of its way both to protect corporations from a discrimination which its members failed to approve for political reasons, and it has unnecessarily limited the discretion of state legislatures in relation to one of their most essential functions. Upon the legal significance and consequences of this behavior it is not the business of a layman to discourse, but he is entitled to an opinion on its political meaning and consequences. There has been a great deal of protest during the past few years about the increase of administrative centralization in Washington, and its tendency to restrict the functions and to undermine the vitality of the state governments. But the increasing limitations which the Supreme Court under the equal-rights and due-process clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment are placing upon the legislative and administrative activity of the states is the most effective existing enemy of their exercise of essential political and social responsibilities to their citizens. The Supreme Court is tying the hands of state legislatures as agencies of social experiment. It is increasing the area and the obscurity of the "twilight zone" which lies between state and federal functions, and in which neither Congress nor the state legislatures are granted any power to act. The federal government through the Supreme Court takes advantage of every pretext to protect business against regulation and discrimination by the states, well knowing that this is a region in which federal legislative power can function only within narrow limits. Is not this federal centralization in its most incurable, dangerous, dubious and irresponsible form? The federal government, through the Supreme Court, tends to nationalize all social and business problems by paralyzing the tentative attempts of the state to deal with them, but after having aggrandized federal power in its negative exercise, it is no less opposed to the extension of federal authority at the expense of the states by the expansion of the scope of federal legislation and administration. Federal authority is an omnipotent sovereign for the protection of business, but an impotent, if inquisitive, meddler for its correction. We wonder whether the majority of the Supreme Court expect that the American people during the future stress of the gathering industrial and social revolution will be satisfied with a national government whose major function consists in its rationalizing by the judiciary of legislative and administrative inertia.

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# The End of the Dawes Plan

SEVERAL weeks ago Mr. John Maynard Keynes discussed in this magazine the familiar subject of war debts. The burden of his argument was that the Dawes Plan would presently have to be modified, German payments reduced and, if American policy remained unchanged, the world would be treated to the spectacle of the United States receiving at the hands of her associates of the War all they receive from Germany on account of reparations.

But, in point of fact, as Mr. Keynes undoubtedly perceives as clearly as anyone, the prospect for our former associates is infinitely worse. The real outlook is that possibly in 1929, certainly in 1930, we shall be receiving from them whatever they continue to pay on account of war debts, and they will be receiving nothing whatever from Germany in the way of reparations.

When one speaks of the modification of the Dawes Plan, or for that matter, the liquidation, the truth behind the statement is that the operation of the Dawes Plan has inexorably disclosed the fallacy of the whole reparations conception. It is not fair to say the Dawes Plan has failed; on the contrary, it has worked with amazing success, but its very success has demonstrated that Germany cannot pay reparations.

It is useless to crowd the record with all sorts of figures which confuse. The essential evidence is brief. Since the beginning of the operation of the Dawes Plan, that is, for the three full years from 1924 to 1927 inclusive, Germany has actually paid in cash and in kind approximately $1,000,000,000. During the same period the excess of German imports over exports has amounted to $1,500,000,000.

As against these two items, German borrowings abroad were recently stated by Dr. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, in L'Europe Nouvelle, to amount to something close to $2,500,000,000, almost equally divided between long- and short-term. In other words, Germany has been able to pay reparations and finance her purchases abroad only by borrowing. She has not earned reparations, she has not even been able to produce sufficiently to meet her import costs. And since her foreign investments were liquidated during the War and the seizure of her fleet practically eliminated all so-called invisible receipts, her situation is clear at a glance.

To revise the Dawes Plan, that is, to reduce the annual payments, becomes a present question now, because next year the payments rise steeply from $450,000,000 to $625,000,000, where they remain henceforth. Since in the current year, as in the previous twelve months, German imports have largely exceeded the exports and the unfavorable balance has thus been steady, Germany can again pay reparations only by further borrowing abroad.

But why should Germany borrow abroad to pay reparations? The transfer clause in the Dawes Plan gives her absolute protection against any payments which would disturb the stability of her currency. Moreover, if, by the operation of this clause she ceases to pay, she is immune from any sort of coercion. She is merely bound to pay if she can pay, that is all.

Reducing the annual payments will not, however, modify the actual situation. The fact is that Germany can pay nothing. If the annual payments were reduced a third, as Mr. Keynes forecasts, the other two-thirds would still have to be borrowed abroad. By such a reduction it might be possible to keep the thing alive for another year or two, but only by the oxygen of foreign loans.

The real purpose is no longer to keep the reparations game going indefinitely. What the former Allies hope is that they may be able to sell out the whole reparations claim, and in addition the unexpired period of the occupation of the Rhineland, for a fixed price. They hope, in practice, that Germany will consent to liquidate the total claim by one huge issue of bonds based upon her state railways, her industry and her annual budget.

These bonds would be sold in the world market, and, in fact, mainly in the United States. The proceeds would be divided by the Allies on the basis of the Spa ratio, and what would remain would be simply the relation between Germany and the private investors of the world who held the bonds. This was the conception of Thoiry, and it has not been modified, although postponement has been necessary.

But while Germany is willing to pay a price for the evacuation of the Rhineland and the termination of financial control of her affairs, her conceptions of a fair price are such that not only would the Allies receive nothing for their own war damages, but they would not receive anything like enough to meet the American debt-settlement demands. During the month I spent in Berlin last winter, I met most of the prominent bankers, as well as politicians. And it was the common opinion of the former that Germany could not honestly undertake to pay more than $4,000,000,000, while the politicians reckoned on $3,000,000,000 as a maximum. But the capital of the British and French debts to the United States exceeds $8,000,000,000.

To make the Germans pay more than $4,000,000,000 would be difficult for the simple reason that in the end this money must come from in-

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vestors, and the German statement that any larger burden could not be carried would certainly depress the selling price of the bonds at issue. Even at best, the bonds would represent a gamble, because at present, and for a considerable time in the future, there is a certainty that Germany will not be able to balance her exports and imports and will have to continue borrowing to keep going, irrespective of the considerable additional burden of a new bond issue.

But, for many reasons, the situation cannot wait. First of all, the price of evacuation automatically diminishes. It will end anyway on January 1, 1935, while the second sector will be evacuated five years earlier. It is uncomfortable for the Germans, this occupation, but it is not intolerable and the end approaches. Protected by the Transfer Clause of the Dawes Plan, they can view without concern the end of reparations payments; all the cards are really in their hands.

Moreover, the recent triumph of the republican parties in Germany has put all the moral advantage with the Reich. Further occupation as a military measure, as a guarantee of security, has become an absurdity. In reality everyone knows the occupation is now no more than an effort to save something of the now shrunken reparations claims. But peaceful and republican Germany certainly has an appeal to world sympathy, a case in justice for evacuation not in 1935, but in 1928.

Thus, if the Allies cannot persuade the United States to change its debt policy within a brief time, the crisis cannot be postponed. The Dawes Plan demonstration that Germany cannot pay reparations will be complete. Meantime, occupation will have been revealed as nothing more nor less than a form of legal blackmail. Finally the Allies will cease to receive reparations, but their American obligations will continue to run.

By tacit agreement in Europe, Germany assenting, the crisis has been postponed until after the American presidential election. Europe is banking on a change, if not of political control at least of foreign policy. This year's German deficit, like the previous shortage, will be balanced by foreign borrowings. But next year, when the Dawes payments go up, when, not impossibly, Germany will refuse to borrow, or the American investor to lend, the end will arrive.

And, as I have said, what troubles Mr. Keynes, like all other informed Europeans, is the realization, not that we shall get all of the money Germany pays, but that very shortly Germany will pay nothing, and, if we hold out, we shall get all the debtors are bound to pay, and it will come out of their own pockets.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

# Our Leaders

## *The Re-Discovery of America: XIV b*

UNLIKE Professor Babbitt, John Dewey is in no rigid and excluding opposition to the American flux. His matter and method reveal a profound acceptance; indeed, the younger generation (myself included) have attacked him on the ground that he accepted too lovingly the chaos of our world to lead us from it. Criticism of the master who has produced such works as "Democracy and Education," "Human Nature and Conduct," "Experience and Nature"—the one intellectual master in our country—must be reverently careful. Mr. Dewey has far more than prone acceptance. He has understanding. His works on education, on social and natural psychology, are prolegomena of all future discourse on these subjects. His critique of the Greek systems in the light of modern science is our intellectual climate. His analysis of body, mind, consciousness, conduct in the manifold of life is classic. No one with more cogency than he has given texture to the Spinozistic pattern, to "the fact," in his own words, "that consciousness is not a separate realm of being but is the manifest quality of existence when nature is most free and most active." This he has done by demonstration of the interplay of matter, percept, idea, act, from atom and sensum to mankind: an unbroken synthesis in which each detail is explicit of all others. He knows the world we live in. His work is sensitive to his own intricate perception; and I cannot feel with Lewis Mumford that the line-for-line texture of his style is "fuzzy and formless" or to be compared with that of Theodore Dreiser. Mr. Dreiser writes like a befuddled child who compensates by fixity on detailed facts—the one kind of thing he can be sure of. Mr. Dewey at his best writes like a man whose sight is a prism, not of colors but of desensualized relations. . . . And in this distillation to which his scrutiny refines all percepts, there are values. By value I mean simply a *spiritual percept*, and I say "spirit" in the sense of Mr. Dewey. ("Soul," he writes, "is form, spirit informs . . . Spirit quickens, it is not only alive but spirit gives life.") Mr. Dewey has values, when he unmasks the "usefulness" whereby we justify most of our modern actions, and finds it futile; or when he detects the capitalistic bias in Karl Marx. He has values, when he defines art as the consummation of nature and experience, mak-

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ing it include thinking, science, knowledge, truth. His entire philosophy, being one of immanence—immanence of end and aim in act, of habit and impulse in thought, of thought in conflict, of art in labor, of the social in the personal, of realization in process—is a philosophy of value. His implication of a "social soul," of a "community of religious feeling" is indeed not so far from Emerson and Hegel as he might state it. Finally, his work in education is an expounding of value; for its outset is to attack the proverbial notion that childhood's value is extrinsic or merely instrumental to the vested value of manhood.

And yet, in terms of our condition, which is chaos; and of our need which is to create *with it* a Whole that shall lose no potential value, John Dewey fails as a leader. The reason is that he himself does not *experience* the organic unity of life as emergent from chaos. He knows about it intellectually, it is implied in his values. He has the *percept* of this Wholeness, but it is not transmuted into conscious experiential vision. He is like a man who "senses" light but whose integrating power is so dim that he cannot see the sun; its rays are *a vague permeation of his darkness*. To see is to order. The principle of order is to unify a heterogeneity of things. The method of order is to give these things a focus; and the result of order is *form*. Mr. Dewey discusses the values of wholeness; he throws light on the relations between events indispensable for ordering them. But his work remains a mere inorganic sequence. He does not focus it with his own organic vision; he does not form it into an organic body. Despite his constant discussion of relations between act, consciousness, imagination, he does not validate the role of form in the process of relation. Therefore, his own spiritual percepts fail in imaginative being, and in the consciousness of his readers. Infallibly this default of the final step—the focussing, the embodying, the *life-giving* consummation, enfeebles what he has to give us. Thus, when he writes of creative art, he does not allow for the *forming* impulse—the power emerging in an organic body to create fresh organic bodies from miscellaneous materials and events; and he can speak of business men and of inventors as "creative artists," despite the crucial lack of form in their arrangements. Thus, in his analyses of self into objective components, he makes no place for the indispensable *nucleus that composes*—the focus of construction: he establishes no abiding center, without which there can be no principle of conduct or of growth, and, indeed, no fulcrum of leverage at all within the immediate flux. He refuses to hierarchize his "truths and revelations." "Immediately," he writes, "nothing is better or worse than anything else: it is just what it is"—a statement that proves his inability to think except in a temporal series. For in such a series, of course, the immediate is only "just what it is"; no thing can be brought up with which to compare it, except out of the past or future, which would destroy its immediate nature. But for a mind whose experience is an organic form, the immediate contains the whole, including the temporal sequence: the immediate *this* can hence be hierarchized in value according to its function in the whole. To Mr. Dewey, the religious sense must be set *as a sense* on terms of precise equality with a sense of heat. Any hierarchy of value becomes indirect and pragmatic. Experience is molecularized by his inorganic treatment so as to betray his own values. In calling such values as "permanence, real essence, totality, order, unity, rationality" *predicates*, he is of course empirically just, and critically right in so far as he is refuting transcendental systems. But metaphysically he is superficial, since he does not connect predicate with subject. Again he is failing to fulfill his organism, leaving the world a mere sequential chaos, and man dangling in the accidence of his own behavior. Thus, he stresses the precariousness of life; life he finds "a gamble," as of course it is in every mediate term. But he ignores the immediate certainty which the organic sense of the whole brings to the precarious flux. To Mr. Dewey, this sense of the whole is a mere predicated, pragmatic value; the universal, to him, is instrumental to the immediate: and "the immediate," he declares, "is always the dubious." But to the man whose experience is organic the immediate is equally instrumental to the universal: the immediate is *saturated with the whole*, and is therefore the contrary of dubious. Immediate and eternal, in true integration, are two words for unitary recognition. Lacking this organic form, Mr. Dewey's presentation of the flux is vivid; his appeal to order is vague, unformed, remote.

The instances which I have given, and which could be multiplied at will, of course do not present his doctrine: they point, I believe fairly, to its tendency and hence to its effect in leadership within a condition of chaos, such as ours. Mr. Dewey is always under the flux. His comprehension of it is amazing. But his values of resistance to its blind momentum whirl in the flow they are "designed" to master. He goes to incredible lengths to "save the situation." Thus he tries to shift the problem of philosophy from *what* to *how;* and yet it is difficult to see the sense of *how* until the *what* is established. Failing to integrate an order in which values might live, he tries to refuse the problem altogether by making all substance merely instrumental. But he is betrayed by the vague terms of fulfillment to which he is constantly resorting: "refreshment and renewal," "new ends and acts," etc., etc.—terms that fail, precisely because of their lack of *whatness*, and that exasperate since he does not define them, nor indeed allow the philosophic right to define them.

Mr. Dewey has shown the futility of percepts to change events, when there is no control of causal means. He quotes the experiments of F. M. Alex-

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ander, who has admirably proved that the average modern man cannot so much as *stand straight* without a total reëducation of bodily kinesthesia. Thereby, Mr. Dewey disqualifies mere moralists and preachers (including Irving Babbitt with his endless iteration of "inner check" and "decorous tradition"). But also Mr. Dewey disqualifies himself. The control of any series of events means that it is ordered, made whole. When the series is an animal body, this work may be instinctive. In human life, it must be conscious. The roots of consciousness are the imagination. There can be no experience of the wholeness of life without imaginative vision. Here John Dewey is not equal to his task. Although he says "consciousness, as far as it is not dull ache or torpid comfort, is a thing of the imagination," he fails to make use of this principle. He relies on intelligence, which he defines as contingent on the process that must be controlled. But it is hard to see how the intelligence can supply the principle of integration, unless it is fed by an imagination of the Whole which is subject as well as predicate within the flux.

The consequence of this imaginative lack is not mere theory: it is a fact. The organic wholeness unfulfilled in Mr. Dewey is unfulfilled in his books, which do not present a living body for his readers. Like the world which they describe, they are full of a number of things. And like that world again, these many things remain an inorganic chaos.[1] He whose work is chaos is not a leader from chaos.

We might approach Mr. Dewey's failure from another angle: that of his most assured success. In primary education, he has been a leader. The reason is, that when he writes of the child, he has organic vision. He sees the child, not within an "enveloping whole" (as he sees man, thereby proving the externality of his conception of wholeness), but *as an adumbrating whole*. The child's life and values are intrinsic; as such he wants them to expand into organic fulfillment. The fulfillment is imaginatively experienced by Mr. Dewey. Therefore, as an educator, his words have body, they have spirit; they create experience in other educators, and he leads them. His feeling for the child as an evolving whole is like the religious man's imagination of mankind, in the sense that Mr. Dewey finds within the child forces that may transfigure, and is moved, himself, into an attitude of passionate service. But his sense of man fails to rise to this pitch. He cannot see man whole, because he fails to find the nucleus of focus, of organization, of timeless subject-value, and of transformation, within the self. He is himself a child of chaos, and his works are chaos.

[1] This possibly explains why Mr. Dewey's books are such hard reading. In the work even of clumsy writers like Kant or Hegel, the arduous task of following the dialectic is compensated for by the organic vision of the author. This vision infects every sentence, excites and spurs one on. The lack of organic wholeness brings an isolatedness to Mr. Dewey's pages of philosophy, and makes it far easier to set them down than to take them up.

These last statements mark his worth, no less than his failure. John Dewey, for all his intricate mental power, is an American primitive. Within him, as in Emerson, lie all the values of Western culture. But in Emerson, they were turned nostalgically from the present to a paradise which was the crepuscular glow of a dead day. Emerson is a last, a very old European. In Mr. Dewey, the chaos of values has a new direction: it is earthward, it is forward, it is primarily concerned with methods of expression. Therefore, Mr. Dewey is a first, a very young American. For this is what America must mean: a beginning that contains all the old human ends and re-directs them into a fresh, live Body. The organism is not in this man; but the direction is there. And it is just to liken John Dewey to a child; since in him, as in the child, are all the elements of life, yet not made conscious, not organized for fulfillment. The Whole of religion—the cosmic Self—is not the child's: yet the child's activity of power, self-expression, manipulation of events is the route toward this Whole. Mr. Dewey's leadership in child education is a symbol. He is not a leader of maturity: but he is a token of the life of our promise.

To name an American in whom is the essence of leadership as I define it, I must leave the scale of national figures, the medium of ideas; and converge on personal experience. Alfred Stieglitz has been a great force in the lives of Americans through the fact that *his life* is a sheer articulation of his values. Not words, not a philosophy at all, inform these values; they are indissolubly their enactment in private contact with persons. Those who have been moved by Stieglitz are men largely in love with the transfigured world that stirs in the womb of American discontent; they have come so far, at least, that the old concepts and forms no longer hold them. This dispossession drives them to the making of new forms, to the "apocalyptic arts" which I have mentioned. Now, Stieglitz is a kind of proto-citizen of this unborn world. His everyday responses to the American scene have a light from that unspoken dawn; they are linked intimately with our chaos and yet some force moves them obliquely from it, as if a previsioned Order were alive within them. It is this that makes him "queer" to the citizens of chaos; that makes him to certain others a witness in the flesh of what their spirit discarnately projects. . . . Compare him with Socrates and you will understand the embryonic quality that is his high importance. Socrates also was surrounded by young men. But there were between them and him a common intellectual ground, a group of articulated symbols, moral, political, esthetic, which he could use to link their life with his love. All Athens, indeed, could come close enough (in disagreement) to his values, to execute him for them. But in a world where common concepts have rotted from the real, where there can

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be no idiom of spiritual exchange, the true word can only be *a life*. Such a life (there may of course be many others) is Stieglitz. And so far as this, has leadership advanced in the embryography of the new American world. With the final article of this series, where the ultimate technique of creating America will narrow down to the practical technique of creating creative persons, the prophetic importance of Stieglitz will appear, in retrospect, more clearly. Suffice it, now, to say that in his private world this man begins an incarnation—*as it must be begun*—of that ideal Wholeness which our acts and our arts shall integrate hereafter.

From a composite picture of what these men have and lack as leaders, I may send forward a suggestion of the constructive aim of this series. What we require of leadership is clearly the integration of our chaos. To this end, first of all, the chaos must be accepted; then, understood and transfigured. To accept is the work of spirit: to understand is the work of mind: to transfigure is the work of art. The American leader must be moved by a religious love in order to accept this chaos—a love like that of Moses, of Jesus; for only in this spirit can he make one and whole the world's deliverance with his own. The American leader must have intellectual mastery of the elements, cultural and technical, that enter in this chaos, for only so equipped can he understand the intricate pasts and presents and futures that America consists of. The American leader must have the imagination of the Whole, for only so can he achieve the method for work upon the chaos, to organize it and to transform it.

This is to say that the American leader, in his life and deeds if he be a man of action, in his life and works if he be a formal artist, must himself create an organic Whole from our chaos. Such a Body, as example and experience, will enter the life of our young men, and will lead them.

WALDO FRANK.

*(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Our Women," will appear in our issue of July 4.)*

## To Another Mariner

When there are no more seas for you to sail,
No more strange, far-off ports to lure your feet—
Except one, only—when your traveler's tale
Lacks but a final word to be complete,
Mourn, as you must, that beauty's moon rode high
For such brief hours above the darkening seas,
Grieve, as you will, that dreams forever lie
Beyond the garden of Hesperides.
But smile a moment, as you smiled of old,
Because one seafarer, in memory,
Keeps you still young and debonair and bold—
A gallant challenger of destiny;
And though this shadowy harbor be your last,
Go in with colors flying on your mast.

MIRIAM VEDDER.

## Washington Notes

WITH the Republican leaders, as this is being written, mentally, morally and physically in a lather out in Kansas City, there certainly seems no nourishment in attempting at this time to forecast—or even discuss—the ultimate outcome of their struggle—particularly when the outcome will be fully known some days before this letter can be printed. It is, however, impossible for me to refrain, at this stage, from pointing out that the indications more clearly foreshadow Hoover's nomination than before. If there should be some other result, it will be an interesting case of the scrapping of all political logic and sense—in fact, the first on record on which a candidate in control of the national committee, in control of the convention machinery, with both permanent and temporary chairman selected from among his friends, and with twice as many instructed and committed delegates as all other candidates combined, has lost the big political apple. The action last week of the national committee in the contests before it, the failure of the advertised army of agriculturalists to march as scheduled, and the general stupidity up to date of the so-called Allies, all tend to confirm my belief that within another week, slightly scarred by the conflict, with a pained, strained expression upon his pudgy countenance, and considerable tarnish worn off his reputation, Herbert, the Efficient, as the Republican candidate for President, will be somewhat shakily standing on a platform that pussyfoots on the dry issue, condemns corruption in a broad, general way without harsh references to either Elder Hays or Harry Sinclair, declares for farm relief without the equalization fee, and breaks all records for the assembling of pious political platitudes.

If these things do not happen, if, when this article appears, it develops that some other than Herbert has been named on a platform bearing no resemblance to the one above outlined, then the easy and only way out for me is to declare that I was mistaken, which I hereby do in advance with a whole-hearted sincerity and enthusiasm which, I trust, will be both disarming and satisfactory. In the meanwhile, though, according to the despatches, "all eyes are focused on Kansas City," back here in Washington, almost alone with Calvin and Herbert, there have developed certain ideas and notions connected with public and political matters not altogether without interest. One of these concerns the most recent veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill—the "Violent Veto," as the New Republic editorially calls it. The extraordinary and vituperative nature of that message, so different in character, contents, tone and style from anything that had heretofore appeared over the Coolidge signature, gave rise to the most furious speculation as to its real authorship. It is an interesting commentary on Mr. Coolidge that practically no one seriously assumed that he had, alone and unaided, penned the document himself, but that even some of the most oleaginous of his journalistic supporters quite candidly discussed the question of who did write it, without the least idea that it was an uncomplimentary kind of discussion.

On the contrary, it was generally accepted by his friends, as well as by those who do not hold him in af-

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fectionate admiration, that, while the sentiments were his own, the message had been written for him by someone else. Of course, the anti-Hoover combination promptly laid the blame for all the most violent and vicious language upon Herbert, notwithstanding the patent fact that the style was as unlike Hoover's as it was unlike Coolidge's. Within the last week, however, it has become generally known and accepted that Herbert not only did not write a single word of the message, but that he was not allowed to read it before it was sent in, and, in addition, was in no way consulted on the subject. It would have been the height of stupidity for him to have messed in—and he did not. The story, as it is now told, is that the author of this veto message, which, in vigor and violence, certainly established a precedent for this administration at least, was in reality none other than the Hon. Ogden L. Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury, himself. While I am not in a position definitely to assert the truth of this report, and while it may not be true, it certainly does come from usually reliable sources and has considerable circumstantial evidence—not necessary to detail here—to support it. If it is true—and I believe it to be so—it is especially interesting, because of the increased importance as a public and political influence it gives the sturdy figure of Mr. Mills.

Despite certain infirmities of temper, a lamentable lack of sweetness in his disposition and an apparently inherent and inherited inability to quarrel with himself on any subject, even those who find themselves most easily able to resist loving Mr. Mills are in pretty general agreement that in force and ability he is the outstanding man in the administration. With the single exception of Herbert himself, there is no individual in the Cabinet, in the Departments, in the White House or in Congress whose mental machinery works more smoothly than Mr. Mills'. If he were not so frequently and fatuously absorbed in the contemplation of his own excellencies, his political progress would be more evenly forward, though, when you come to think of it, except for a single slip, it is hard to figure out how it could have been much faster. Actually the one smashing defeat that on form should have blocked the road by which he was traveling toward the political peaks simply opened up what seems to be a shorter cut. Certainly, he has had no difficulty, in either New York or Washington, in running circles around Jimmie Wadsworth, who, up to the 1926 campaign, was the more politically distinguished of the two. It is a fairly apt illustration of the difference between them that of Wadsworth and Mills, both defeated on the same ticket at the same time, the former should have dropped from his place in the political sky and wholly ceased to be an effective machine factor, reduced now to singing as a choir boy in the Nicholas Murray Butler constitutional chorus, while the latter should have utilized his defeat to climb closer to the top rather than roll to the bottom.

The point to all this is that if Mr. Mills really did write that veto message, he is now functioning as the literary aide and adviser not only of the Secretary of the Treasury, but of the President as well, a dual role difficult, it will be conceded, for any one man to play, but one, if played, obviously of very large influence and importance. When to this is added the well known fact that Mr. Mills was one of the earliest and most original of the Herbert-for-President boys, it should be clear that, if Herbert becomes President, Mr. Mills will also become Secretary of the Treasury and a very close and intimate Secretary of the Treasury indeed. While I have, of course, no authority to speak for Herbert, still I think it is stating merely what everyone around Washington takes for granted, to forecast Mr. Mills as the successor to Mr. Mellon in the Hoover Cabinet—if there ever is a Hoover Cabinet—and Colonel William J. Donovan as the successor of "the greatest Attorney General since Harlan Fiske Stone." Colonel Donovan, of the innocent blue eyes and guileless smile, says that if left to his own desire, he would prefer to go back to Buffalo and practise law, but he does not mean it, and my advice to him is not to say it too often or somebody may think he does mean it and take him at his word. No one hears the Hon. Ogden Mills uttering such sentiments concerning himself, not even in his sleep—least of all in his sleep.

Of course, if Herbert is not nominated out in Kansas City, then all these speculations about Ogden and William are vain, foolish and futile. In that case, all there is to be said is that Ogden, William, Bascom, myself and a large number of other Lincolnian, Rooseveltian and Coolidgian Republicans made a great mistake. We got it all down on the wrong horse.

T. R. B.

Washington.

# The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy

FOR some years travelers returning from Russia have reported enthusiastically on the development of Soviet education. Of all the slates which the revolution wiped clean, it is on this one that the new writing is clearest and most interesting. In the political and economic field there continues a confused battle between fact and theory, with theory somewhat on the defensive. When surprising and un-Marxian facts attack, pure communist theory retreats according to plan, and the leaders promise themselves that the lost ground will be regained later. But in education there appears to be no such unequal contest between the stern will to make a new world and the world's discouraging unwillingness to become new overnight. Soviet education is frankly experimental. It is trying to find the way, it is not burdened by the same preconceptions that rule in politics or economics, and it is admirably conscious of its shortcomings. Of course the Russian schools are far too few, and only a fraction of them, in the larger towns, are living, successful experiments, but I doubt if there exists any pioneer intellectual venture more exciting than the cauldron of the best of these schools.

By far the most interesting picture of what is going on in one of these schools, and one of the most fascinating and readable books which has appeared in a long time, is "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy," by N. Ognyov,

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which has just become available to American readers in an excellent translation. (New York: Payson and Clarke. $2.50.) It is not the actual diary of a schoolboy, for the author, Ognyov, is a Soviet teacher, but a teacher who understands boys so thoroughly, wisely and humorously that there is nothing in the book which might not have been written by a Soviet schoolboy of seventeen. It is a human document—since every page of it rings true—which will be vastly interesting to the general reader, doubly so to anyone who has thought about the problems of education, and triply so to those who, across four thousand miles of misunderstanding and propaganda, are anxious to discern the flame that burns behind the smoke of the Bolshevik experiment.

This diary has been described as a schoolmaster's nightmare. Almost any American principal who allowed in his school the turbulent, explosive independence which reigned in the school Kostya Riabtsov describes in his diary, would be fired as a maniac and a menace to society. But so would almost any teacher be fired who practised the belief that life, in a school, is more important than discipline. Kostya Riabtsov, though his surroundings are anything but orderly, is living in a real world. He is not merely a pupil, being pushed up toward responsibility by a combination of rewards and punishments, he is fully and completely human. And the school is no tedious hot-house ruled by grown-ups, it is a tumultuous, organic little corner of the greater revolution which gave it birth and still surrounds it.

Nearly all stories about schoolboys are either stories of rough-house insubordination or stories of goody-goody regularity, either comic warfare or unbelievable serenity. Kostya Riabtsov's diary shows us something entirely new. There is plenty of conspiracy in his school, plenty of pranks on the sly, there are teachers who are made fun of and others who are listened to, but the battles are between equals, they always mean something and they are perhaps the most valuable feature of the curriculum. Without them the school could not grow, and even if its growing pains sometimes seem unbearable, no pupil can grow in a school that is standing still.

Shortly after school opens, Kostya Riabtsov records the introduction of the Dalton plan. "It's a system under which the Skworkers [a typical Soviet abbreviation for "school workers," i. e., the teachers] do nothing and the pupils have to find everything out for themselves. At least, that's what it looks like to me." A few days later he says, "The Dalton thing is a wash-out. No one can understand a thing, not even the Skworkers. . . . The boys say that this plan was invented by some Lord Dalton, of bourgeois stock, and that while he was busy inventing he was being fed on goose's liver and jelly." Even the explanation of one of the teachers that the Dalton plan has been introduced because "nowadays a pupil is supposed to be like a bonfire; you only have to light it and it'll continue burning," fails to convince Kostya; he is months behind in his tasks, what with meetings of the pupils' council, and the education committee, and the decoration committee (for the October revolutionary celebrations), and the class committee, there is no time for work. By the end of December the school's more rebellious spirits, led by Kostya, "decide to put an end to Dalton," placard the walls with, "To hell with the bourgeois Dalton," and burn a straw effigy of Lord Dalton in the school yard, while they sing the Carmagnole and the janitor looks on and laughs.

When this demonstration is over, the rebels march back to school, where all the Skworkers are waiting for them, and ask them if they would like to call a general meeting or would perhaps better go home. The rebels ring the bell for a general meeting.

The meeting is delayed by the discovery of a suicide note from two girls who are "tired of life," want "a church burial," and write, after "bequeathing today's sandwiches to Kostya Riabtsov," that their "dead bodies will be found in the phys. lab." When the girls have been proved to be only the victims of hysteria and a craving for publicity, the general meeting agrees to pardon them—though the principal wants them to be expelled—and promises to discuss the Dalton plan calmly and give it a fair trial. Apparently the pupils did so, for no more dummies are burned, and Kostya does not mention Lord Dalton again.

I can imagine the hair rising on the heads of millions of American school teachers at the thought of pupils rushing indignantly out of classrooms to ring the bell that calls for a meeting of the whole school. Yet it happens at least twice in the school year Kostya tells us about. And it very nearly happened again when the natural history Skworker addressed her class as "children" and Kostya rose to his feet, said "we're not children," and practically told her to go to the devil.

You may remember how one of the first acts of the Russian soldiers in 1917 was the refusal to salute their officers. And here, in 1923, is Kostya's pal Blinov, telling him that their school self-government is bunk so long as they are compelled to say "good morning" to the Skworkers and get up when they enter the room.

Though even these small incidents are significant bricks in the new building, the other occasion for the ringing of that rebellious general meeting bell goes deeper. Aleshka Cheekin, the son of a drunken shoemaker, who beats him, and a bad character, has stolen from other pupils. The pupils' council is convinced of his guilt, but isn't sure what to do about it. The principal scolds Cheekin, and is immediately asked by the pupils' council what she meant by interfering in what was their business alone. Cheekin disappears. The pupils' council tells the school board that there is no objection to finding him through the police so long as the theft is not mentioned. Kostya and his friend Vanka pay a visit to the waifs in an abandoned basement, those pitiful, homeless little ruffians who are the despair of the Soviet government and the favorite reproach of its ill-wishers. The waifs sit around hidden bonfires, dressed in terrible rags; they offer hooch to Kostya and Vanka—whom they like because he reads aloud to them. All at once Kostya spots Cheekin, there is a fight and the two boys escape.

A week later the police turn up at the school with Cheekin, and ask the principal to "take him back against receipt." The principal refuses, and tells them to send him to the home for waifs. Word of this "terrible in-

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justice" spreads through the school like wild-fire, and the general meeting bell is rung. "Everyone wants to protest . . . Cheekin is our comrade, and it was your duty to consult us. . . . Down with the Skworkers! . . . The police should be asked to bring him back at once." The meeting ends with the school split into two parties on the question of self-government. The rebels vote that compulsory greeting and rising be abolished, that "labs and lecture-rooms may be entered with hats on or without," and that a "commissary of foreign affairs" be appointed to bring Cheekin back from the home for waifs and strays.

Cheekin comes back. A committee of the pupils visits the shoemaker, extracts promises, and stands outside the window to see that the father doesn't beat up his prodigal son.

All that isn't school, perhaps, but it's something even better—it's life.

This book about school is crowded with life, with characters made strangely real by a schoolboy's naïve shrewdness, with jostle and gossip and intrigue and raw winds from the outside world. It contains hundreds of incidents, people and pictures which one cannot forget, described with rich slang (much of which survives in translation) and rough good-humor and the impartial casualness which we have learned to think of as a peculiarly Russian talent.

Contrast Kostya's life with that of an American high-school boy. He wants to change his name to Vladlen—the first syllables of Lenin's names. He doesn't dance—"if one did, where would our ideology come in"—and he believes that "proletarian consciousness" forbids being too friendly with the girls, but does not act on his belief. There are midnight hooch and petting parties, where dreadful things happen, and sex, often in a crude form, is always in the background. One of the teachers tells him that in the old schools "the use of obscene language was a form of protest," but that "you, on the other hand, have nothing to protest against." Anonymous newspapers are constantly appearing, and posted on the walls of the school, with satirical articles or long discussions of "the purpose of life" or "can girls and boys be friends?" Other newspapers, full of smut, circulate secretly. At a meeting of the committee of the factory in which Kostya will probably work when he leaves school, a girl asks that funds be given her for an abortion. After a long argument, this demand is turned down.

The girls are a problem. They dance, they giggle, they gossip, they are not good revolutionaries, and some of them go to church. "It was decided," Kostya remarks, "to strengthen the anti-religious propaganda at school." He tries to corner the natural history teacher, whom he suspects of believing in God. One of the girls is variously nicknamed Dog, Gut, Veteran, Cabbage. It is finally decided not to use nicknames objected to by the owner. There is a teacher who remarks, at the end of nearly every discussion, that it "shows quantitatively, the abundance of the epoch; and qualitatively, it stands beyond good and evil." One boy insists that the election of a chairman at meetings is a "bourgeois prejudice." Kostya thinks that suicide and sitting next to girls is "intellectualism." The meetings of the Communist Unit are "so dull that no one outside the party ever attends them." When the school performs "Hamlet," Kostya, who would have preferred "something with barricades and revolutionary fights," remarks that "Hamlet isn't a brainless fellow, in spite of his bourgeois origin."

If Kostya appears as a vain but attractive young Bolshevik, whose mind contains a great many cut-and-dried opinions, the book itself, in its silent, humorous tolerance, is not so much Bolshevik as human. One reads between the lines a combination of enthusiastic zeal for the new order with a wise and flexible view of human nature. The book, we must remember, is not one of those made for foreign consumption, but an example of the level-headed self-examination, often tipped with satirical sharpness, which is characteristic of the Soviet writers when they are talking to themselves about themselves. The faults and the failures, the petty chaos, the creed swallowed whole, are all described here, but with them is the fearless rushing into dark places with an exploring torch.

Anyone with children, anyone who has been a child, would do well to read "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy."

ROBERT LITTELL.

# That Living Constitution

ONCE more a Supreme Court majority has manned the breach and turned back the legislative hosts who would encroach upon the privacy of business. In the Tyson theater-ticket case two years ago the line of present policy was laid down quite clearly. The right to regulate the fees of ticket brokers was then denied to the New York legislature. In the present case, Ribnik vs. McBride, the power to limit the fees of an employment agent is denied to the legislature of New Jersey.

A few years ago, when the business of insuring against fire was brought within the category of those businesses which are so "affected with a public interest" as to make them regulable, it seemed that the Court might easily go on extending this classification to other employments hitherto regarded as private. The Tyson case reversed the trend. Ribnik vs. McBride confirms the reversal. Implied in these decisions are public policies more significant than appears on the surface. With our official theory—that competition exists in business, and that, by its nice balance of conflicting forces, it protects all interests—gradually going to pot, many theorists have discerned in the common law phrase "affected with a public interest" a way of protecting a public all too defenseless against powerful business organizations. If, as competition disappeared in one area after another of industry, public regulations—of the state, if not of the federal government, for another intricate legal tangle is involved here—could gently and gradually be inserted, the evolution of industrial technique might be faced with more equanimity.

The stiffer legal minds of the Supreme Court either still describe industry to themselves in the terms of Adam Smith, or they possess a faith in the benevolence of modern business which we cannot share. Neither the Tyson case nor

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the present one involved important regulations, but their dicta have consequences which reach across the whole field of industrial policy. They bar the way, as definitely and finally as the Supreme Court can, to encroachments by any governmental regulating power on the field of what has hitherto been regarded as private business. Controls concomitant with the evolution of business are made impossible. The letter, not the spirit of the Constitution dominates these latest opinions. Professor McBain's recent characterization of the Constitution as a living instrument is made to seem somewhat idealistic; it would seem necessary to admit that at least a temporary setback to constitutional growth has been sustained. The injury will not be healed until some important change in personnel occurs.

The grain of grace is familiarly furnished, as in other cases, by the dissent of Justices Stone, Brandeis and Holmes. The minority opinions of these three are coming to be legal classics. They may in time become the rule of law. But so long as legalists so downright as Justice Sutherland are dominant, progress is definitely blocked. The decision could not be clearer:

> An employment agency is essentially a private business. True, it deals with the public, but so does the druggist, the butcher, the baker, the grocer. . . . Of course, anything which substantially interferes with employment is a matter of public concern, but in the same sense that interference with the procurement of food and housing and fuel are of public concern. The public is deeply interested in all these things. The welfare of its constituent members depends upon them . . . but in none of them is the interest that "public interest" which the law contemplates as the basis for legislative price control. Under the decisions of this Court it is no longer fairly open to question that, at least in the absence of a grave emergency, the fixing of prices for food or clothing, of house rental or of wages to be paid, whether minimum or maximum, is beyond the legislative power.

Freedom of contract and the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment have again been made to serve the cause of reaction. Contrariwise, however, the dissenting opinion of Justice Stone is much the clearest analysis ever made of that shadowy legal area within which economic compulsions are disputed. The majority makes no attempt to meet the theoretical objections to its position; its statement is pure and unreasoned dogma, its use of "public interest" an obvious statement of prejudice and dislike for bureaucratic meddling. Justice Stone's opinion cites a dozen instances in which regulations indistinguishable from those proposed by the New Jersey legislature have been upheld. He proceeds to a statement of the situations in which the Court may properly ask whether the public interest has been injured, and handles delicately but forcefully the difficult problems concerning the content of this injury. In the present case he is led to a masterly analysis of the facts concerning employment and the strategic situation of the middlemen in this particular market which gives them a fortuitous advantage, dangerous to the interests of the worker. The facts write their own conclusion. This may almost invariably be expected, one gathers, from the great concern of legislative agencies with public welfare. The conclusion is barely avoided, indeed, that all of this is beyond the Court's ability to decide.

Comparison of these two opinions is inevitable; it is only possible to say that traditionalism, blind adherence to some outmoded faith, is writ large over one; and that in the other, the pragmatic view of human necessity which distinguishes the best legal scholarship of our time finds an adequate illustration.

Concerning the phrase "affected with a public interest," which has centered upon itself so long a history of controversy, Justice Stone says:

> Price regulation is within the constitutional power of a state legislature when the business concerned is "affected with a public interest." That phrase is not to be found in the Constitution. Concededly it is incapable of any precise definition. It has and can have only such meaning as is given to it by the decisions of this Court.

There is no taint of mystical nonsense about this. It places the Court precisely where it belongs, gives it a responsibility which so often is evaded when that seems uncomfortable. But something even better follows: a clear statement that economic disadvantage may find a remedy in regulation.

> As I read those decisions, such regulation is within a state's power whenever any combination of circumstances seriously curtails the regulative force of competition, so that buyers or sellers are placed at such a disadvantage in the bargaining struggle that a legislature might reasonably anticipate serious consequences to the community as a whole.

This has the effect of restoring the common law, after half a century of sophistication and interested evasion, to its true position in defense of those who are injured by the hard conditions of industrial existence. Under this rule the favored would no longer be protected alone, through permission to exploit weaker individuals and classes at will. If this rule should prevail, the unfortunate might hope, as they cannot now, for certain redress of injuries. See how it narrows and defines itself in this direction:

> The price regulation may embrace businesses "which though not public in their inception may fairly be said to have risen to be such and have become subject in consequence to some governmental regulation." The use by the public generally of the specific thing or business is not the test. The nature of the service rendered, the exorbitance of the charges and the arbitrary control to which the public may be subjected without regulation are elements to be considered in determining whether the public interest exists. The economic disadvantage of a class and the attempt to ameliorate its condition may alone be sufficient to give rise to the public interest and to justify the regulation of contracts with its members, and obviously circumstances may so change in point of time or so differ

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in space as to clothe a business with such an interest which at other times or in other places would be a matter purely of private concern.

For those who are interested in such changes as are involved in the abolition of child labor, in the reconstruction of the coal industry, in a program of relief for farmers, in securing adequate social insurance, in the greater coördination of industrial affairs by national planning, there remains, apparently, some hope—but only so much as can conceivably be clustered about the possibility of minorities being transformed into majorities by the passage of time or the prescience of Presidents. The contrasting philosophies of these two opinions bring into sharpest outline the wide difference between that view of our industrial policy which says that if the rich and powerful are protected, their self-interest—if not their benevolence—will cause some of the prosperity to seep downward in the social scale, and that one which thinks of government as the vigilant protector of vital interests which may be injured in our carelessly developing industrialism. The Supreme Court, no less than the rest of us, has ultimately to take sides here. Perhaps it is significant that the ablest and wisest of the Justices choose consistently the democratic rather than the plutocratic theory of affairs.

R. G. TUGWELL.

## Three Days! Three Nights!

Three days—three nights—with wondering ear
A spiritual voice I heard.
It carolled sweet, it carolled clear,
A strange unearthly word.

O solemn mirth! O laughter deep!
It seemed a voice in my own breast.
Three days—three nights—it broke my sleep
And triumphed without any rest.

Passionate utterance! Speech divine!
It talked. It murmured all night long.
That mystic tenderness spoke on
And pierced me with its Heavenly song.

Three days—three nights—I heard it sing,
The voice of that Interior Dove.
'Twas love itself embraced my heart
And broke its own for very love.

It seemed myself—but yet it seemed
Another creature more divine.
O bubbling rapture! Hidden spring!
Mysterious mirth more deep than mine.

Three days—three nights—with wondering ear
That spiritual voice I heard,
I knew it was my Lord who sent
Into my heart His Love's own Bird.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH.

## The Beaux Stratagem

*The Beaux Stratagem, by George Farquhar. Hampden Theater, June 4, 1928.*

THE Players' production for this year comes off very agreeably indeed with Farquhar's comedy of "The Beaux Stratagem." The general tone of the whole performance is easy and well bred; the play itself is entertaining and easily accessible to our modern audience so far as the writing, language and, for the most part, the dramatist's point of view toward the characters, are concerned; the company is pleasing and, in relation to the play, good-tempered and sympathetic.

This comedy of Farquhar's came at the very last of his short life—a few days after the opening of "The Beaux Stratagem" in 1707, and before he was thirty, he died—and summed up his talents and the characteristic plots and personages that had hitherto made up his drama. The rakes, intriguing wives, wronged husbands, adventurers, saucy serving-maids and grooms, soldiers and fortune-hunters of Restoration Comedy and of Farquhar's earlier years are all to be seen again, in a comedy sounder and better sifted than any he had done before, more actable, and so full of talent as to cause a long-familiar wonder as to what this young Irishman might have done if he could have lived to greater maturity. Even as it is, Goldsmith preferred Farquhar to Congreve or Wycherley, and anyone looking into "She Stoops to Conquer" will see the proofs of this admiration.

The story Farquhar tells removes the scene from town to country, and turns on the adventures of two friends, Aimwell and Archer, traveling, one as master, one as servant, in search of a fortune. Squire Sullen's wife is a city lady, discontented with the country and with her sottish husband; the squire's sister, with a heart untouched as yet, has ten thousand pounds of her own. Archer pursues the wife, Aimwell the sister. There are escapades, feigned illnesses, highwaymen and housebreaking, and finally Dorinda's surrender of her heart. Aimwell feels the stirrings of conscience and confesses his disguise, her love remains the same; news comes of his brother's death and his new wealth and title, her love is rewarded; the Sullens are divorced, and the affair between Mrs. Sullen and Archer is free to take what course it will; Archer remains the same rogue that he was at the start.

Of the actors' performances, the best are those of Miss Fay Bainter and Mr. Lynn Harding. Miss Bainter's Mrs. Sullen is delightfully stated, and, at the same time, softened to our taste; Mr. Harding's drunken squire is a fine, solid piece of acting. Among the other good performances Mr. James T. Powers plays a Scrub that is full of both traditional and modern clowning, and is roundly applauded. Miss Henrietta Crossman, in the part of the bountiful old mother of Sullen, blind to her son's faults and rapt in a ludicrous state of charity and doing good, throws away the comical intention of the part—which is not unlike Molière's motive of Orgon's mother in "Tartuffe"—and comes out very round and grand and handsome, like a lady in a fairy story, full yellow satin at two o'clock in the morning, and majestic dialogue at all hours. Mr.

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Fred Eric as Archer, the most typical and enduring creation among all Farquhar's characters, struggles with varying success, willing but uncertain, partly because he has the gravest problem in the play, as we shall see later. At the end of the piece there is a modern epilogue by Mr. Belasco, whose tone of reminiscence and grace suits well such an occasion as this of the Players' Club.

The success of this event at the Hampden Theater recalls the play's success in its own day. Seven years before, in 1700, when his second comedy, "The Constant Couple," was produced, Farquhar was granted three benefits because of the great success of the play and "in answer to a scandalous prologue spoken against it at the other house." The run for this piece was fifty-three nights, which established a record that stood for a long time. "The Beaux Stratagem" enjoyed a like favor. But this run, compared to the run it might have today, is not more noticeably small than, when we compare them to what a crowded and large theater of well priced seats will yield the Players now, the receipts of those far days are recorded to have been. We read in Pepys of Drury Lane on February 26, 1669, when there were not so many people in the house "as to make up above £10": and a hundred years later the same theater, with Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in the same play, dropped as low as £3 15s. 6d.

Artistically, the production of "The Beaux Stratagem" is not so great a problem as might be thought. Such a revival of such a play might be expected to require in the acting a great store of brilliance and style, a general accuracy of attack, a final and crisp tone over all. But such is not the case. As regards tone, it has none of the necessity that Molière implies. The Restoration playwrights in England borrowed as heavily as they knew how from Molière, in plot, characters, wit and structure, so much so, in fact, that the author of "Sir Barnaby Whig," Thomas D'Urfey, was led to ask: "Molière is quite rifled, then how shall I write?"

But in the end these dramatists miss the best of Molière, his tone, his unity and singleness of theme and situation, his broad and sound humanity. They expose their shortcomings in one simple case: that unfailing complication of the situation, that doubling up of the intrigue, by which they turn what was essentially a lambent philosophy of social thought into a scheme of action and energy. Compared to Molière, these English playwrights, even Congreve, remain unsocial and, at the core, barbaric. And Farquhar is at the very farthest end of the line from Molière, his connection with Molière's art is obvious and slight.

Farquhar does not even demand of his producers the luster and technical expediency of the Restoration Comedy. He is at the tail end of that drama also. "The Beaux Stratagem" lies between the writers of the Restoration and the eighteenth-century Sentimental Comedy, with its desertion of mental integrity and logic, however cynical and naughty—as in Congreve or Wycherley—and its cultivation—as in Steele and finally even Sheridan—of a curious, shallow, sweetened illogic of emotion that was to be known as sentiment. All this lightens the burden of reviving Farquhar, and his natural stage gift, which surpasses some of the earlier and choicer writers of Restoration Comedy, makes the case still easier.

Farquhar himself knew how he was at this turning of the ways, and what hurdles had arisen for the comic writers in his day. One of his earliest characters had set forth a theory of the comic dramatist's art: "The hero is always the poet's character, a compound of practical rake and speculative gentleman, who always bears off the great fortune in the play, and shams the beau and squire with a whore or chamber-maid; and as the catastrophe of all tragedies is death, so the end of comedies is marriage." But when we come to that "Discourse upon Comedy in reference to the English Stage," written two years before Farquhar's death, he tells of the attack from all sides that poor comedy must suffer. The scholar wants decorum and economy, the courtier wit and purity of style, the citizen humor and ridicule, and the clergy damns all for immorality. In sum, the times have changed, and dramatists must write not only for the court and the wits, but for the women and the citizens as well.

The picture of the second hero, Aimwell, in "The Beaux Stratagem" registers all this by the way in which, after those light adventures and knavish plans, his conscience works and he cannot deceive the young woman who loves him, he must come off honestly and nobly, however much he muddles the comic style in doing so. Archer, Farquhar's real hero in this play, looks backward to those days when wits were wits, and had no intention of standing alone for virtue in this worst of possible worlds. This unreformed child of the old comedy does not fit any too easily into that element that we feel at home with in "The Beaux Stratagem," and that seems so agreeably within our reach at the Players' revival. We should not blame too much the modern actor if the playing of Archer, as Farquhar meant him to be, is beyond his reach. It is indeed a long jump from our day to when King Charles ordered the church music to be such as he could beat time to.

STARK YOUNG.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## The Dangers of Pragmatism

SIR: I am surprised that your reviewer of Professor T. V. Smith's book on "The American Philosophy of Equality" should find the reasoning in that work so eminently sane and sound. Without any desire to criticize Professor Smith personally, I should like to raise the question of the logical muddle underlying the functional or pragmatic philosophy upon which he bases his new doctrine of equality. Professor Smith's reasoning is, as your reviewer says, pragmatic, but given the importance of the theme upon which he is reasoning—and few subjects in political philosophy are of more fundamental importance than equality—I should regard his work as a pragmatic illustration of the dangers of the pragmatic philosophy. It is a question in his work of justifying equality as a political and social principle, despite the empirical, everyday facts which seem to invite the contrary. How does he do it? Well, first of all, he surrenders the whole universe to empirical fact and natural science: he says, in effect, that the army psychological tests have settled once for all the question, so much debated by the revolutionary fathers, whether all men are created equal. Having thus uprooted equality from all natural basis, he then says he is not willing to surrender the doctrine of equality, because equality has been a good shibboleth, and in a pragmatic universe shibboleths are very important. Men are not equal, but the slogan that men are equal

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has a good propaganda value in making them equal; therefore, by all means, let us keep the slogan. But why want to make them equal?—which is, of course, the question with which we started. The final answer which Professor Smith gives, and which your reviewer quotes, is that a coöperative society is the most desirable, and that "if equality of treatment produces consequences of maximum desirability, then the treatment is justified, regardless of whether men are equal in the old sense or not." As the word "coöperative" is in this connection synonymous with equalitarian, the argument reduces itself to the proposition: if you like equality, then equality is the sort of thing you like!

I submit that I am not misstating the terms of Professor Smith's reasoning. It seems to me that he is juggling ends and means in the fashion popularized by pragmatism. Imagine yourself standing at a cross-roads and approaching a wise man. "Master," you say to him, "which road must I take to be saved?" And the master replies: "Take the road that will lead to salvation." "Confound your wisdom!" you would be tempted to reply, "that's precisely what I want to know." What we want to know is why a coöperative or equalitarian society is desirable, and on this point Professor Smith has failed to enlighten us.

New York City. BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

## Relief for the Farmer

SIR: The editorial in your issue of May 9 on "Agriculture and the College" closes with the words: "The University, the place where liberalism and truth are presumed to fuse, is without doubt the institution to be challenged with this task," namely, to find by experimentation a proper solution for the farming problem.

As a practical farmer, I am not able to agree with your optimistic conclusion. It seems to me that the farming problem is very simple in its fundamentals and well understood, and I cannot see how a university department might by experimentation help in any way to change a situation the basis of which is a relation of economic forces.

There seem to be few, if any, economists today who have, like the great economists of the past, critically analyzed the foundations of our economic society. They rather take the *status quo* for granted, and content themselves with a mere description of the mechanism as it is, and perhaps venture an opinion as to how best to do away with business cycles or how to equalize the burden of taxation.

However, if we want to improve the condition of the farming class, we have to attack the evil by its roots. Now, the root of the evil, as far as I can see, is that the farmer's debts constitute a large share of the investment market. Our economists have grown used to define the banker as a dealer in credit. He would be equally well called a dealer in debts, for the bank's credit is the farmer's debt, or, for that matter, the business man's or manufacturer's debt. The profits of the investing class must find a market, and as the expansion of the industrial plant is to a great extent provided for by its yearly reserves this part of the market is not large enough to take care of the surplus. To reduce the debts of the farmer would therefore mean to restrict the investment market and curtail the profits of the banker. These profits arise in three ways so far as the farmer is concerned: the high interest rate on mortgages and the even higher rate on the money which he has to borrow in order to carry on his operations; the exorbitant freight rates, and the control of the market through the various trusts: food, tobacco, grain, exchange, etc. These profits, together with those derived in a similar way from the other producing and commercial classes, for all are carrying on business with borrowed money, as also those from investments abroad and from the public debt, must find a market. This market becomes glutted every once in a while. If now a policy would be inaugurated by which the farmer would get out of debt there would be that much more profits floating on the market.

This was suggested by Sismondi, Rodbertus and others many years ago, although they called it savings, then. Unless the laborer, and that includes the farmer, is allowed to buy back a substantial part of the things that he produces, there must be a plethora of money after a while which cannot find investment and only drives the stock up, thereby creating inflation and overcapitalization, and we have this phenomenon, which occurs almost in regular intervals: large profits which are entirely lost, a great quantity of goods which cannot be sold, the industrial machinery almost standing still and not earning any money, millions of workers out of work, the farming population in distress, and all this merely because we obstinately refuse to look the facts in the face and to acknowledge that under a system of division of labor we need a central agency of control and regulation which is not run on the principle: take as much as you can, and to hell with the other fellow, but to coördinate production and consumption.

From what I have said it follows that the farming problem cannot be solved by itself, much less the experiment of the University of Columbia. The farming problem is only part of the general problem which is "the" economic problem of our time: the control of production and consumption through an equitable system of distribution.

F. WERTGEN.

Parkdale, Ore.

SIR: I have noticed lately in some of your recent issues articles on the abnormal unemployment situation in the large cities, also there have been references to farm relief in the same pages.

It seems to me that these two illnesses could be cured by applying one to the other. The city, having drained the farm for years of its best, can now, in turn, give back to the country that which it cannot absorb, but which can be readily made useful and productive in its original background. I have often thought that it might be possible to conscript transient and single unemployed labor; house them in some of the defunct war camps; organize a centralized farm employment bureau, then send out men, if willing, under yearly contracts to *bona fide* solvent farmers. America being fundamentally an agricultural country, there is no doubt that a great percentage of the cities' unemployed have bucolic backgrounds and would revert to type, fitting into modern farm life in a very easy manner. As the country gradually absorbed this class the centralization could be done away with, the subjects gradually settling down, marrying and starting small establishments of their own; thus making a class, now all but disappeared, that of the small one-man farmer who is the backbone of any nation. Experiments could be made with men who have families, giving a two-year educational term as labor on irrigated farms; the deficit in income for the support of the family to be made up by the government: at the end of the man's term he could be given land on irrigated western land, paying for farm, tools, lumber, etc., by an amortized first mortgage held by the government in the same fashion as the soldier settlement in Canada. I believe that, to relieve the congestion in unskilled labor, one must go back to the primary industry, that of raising our daily bread and raw materials in an intensive manner.

A. F. HENDMAN.

Dover Furnace, N. Y.

SIR: I have read with much interest Arthur Chew's "Agricultural Depression" in the June 6 issue. It is very thorough. Without criticizing his ideas, I will quote one phrase, *viz.*: "Farmers are already getting relief in the shape of . . . and *something is being done about taxes.*" (Italics mine.)

Let me note the total taxes—road, county and school—on a 150-acre farm which I own in the county. There have been no new buildings or improvements since 1896, and the valuation has not been changed since then. 1903, $47.70; 1913, $95.60; 1918, $151.64; 1923, $242.83; 1928, $273.40.

Something is being done about taxes—no doubt about that: does Mr. Chew class it as "relief"?

As this condition is not peculiar to Pennsylvania, but quite general in the U. S., Mr. Chew's apologia fails to observe the Law of Parsimony.

CHARLES W. BOWMAN.

Brownsville, Pa.

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# The Restless Pacific

*The Restless Pacific, by Nicholas Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 291 pages. $3.*

IN the West, we like to tell the story of the man who disappeared for two or three months every year from his headquarters in New York and always came back rejuvenated and full of new ideas and plans. When asked where he had been, he said, "Out West to have my vision stretched." "The Restless Pacific," by Nicholas Roosevelt, is a "vision-stretcher" which can be recommended to all Americans.

Mr. Roosevelt opens his chapter on "America in the East—Realities" with the bald statement that "the sinking of the 'Maine' in Havana Harbor in February, 1898, resulted in the United States becoming an Asiatic power. The opening of the Panama Canal in 1914 made her an insular power. Her wealth, unbounded resources, and capacity for organization, all freshly stimulated in the Great War, have since made her a world-power of the first rank. . . . . The occupation of the Philippines came as a windfall for American policy in the Pacific." The presence of American troops in the Philippines made it possible to send troops along with the relief columns sent to Peking in 1900. This had a profound influence upon our policy toward China. Mr. Roosevelt looks upon our continued influence in the Philippines as essential to the balanced conditions which now give reasonable assurance of peace among the countries of the Pacific. Viewed in any light, the conclusion of the author that our work in the Philippines is unfinished must certainly be accepted. Just how we shall finish it is one of our major problems. It cannot be settled in the House of Congress by debate, but requires the most expert studies based on common sense.

One of the striking features in this book is the emphasis placed by Mr. Roosevelt on the two great Pacific gateways, one at Panama and the other at Singapore. These gateways, with the more rapid transmission of people, goods and information, have contracted the Pacific and have made it in many ways more of a highway than a barrier. The recent and regular increases in Pacific trade are evidently but beginnings of what is to happen in what the author calls "the shrunken world." New York and the Misssissippi Valley have been brought close to Japan and China by the Panama Canal. Through Singapore pours the great traffic between Europe, Africa, the East Indies, and the Orient. The holding of Singapore as a naval base is essential to the maintenance of the British Empire. Few Americans realize the great stake which the Dutch have in the Pacific, or the significance of the close relations established between the Dutch and the British in connection with Singapore. It seems likely that with time this gateway may become second in importance to the artificial one established across the isthmus of Panama. It seems almost as if the great Mississippi was emptying its waters as well as its cargoes into the Pacific through the Canal.

The struggle for raw materials and food supplies is still the background in which we must discover the shadows which may lead to future wars. The growth of economic interdependence of the countries of the world may take place so rapidly in the Pacific, that we can lock together the countries on its borders in vital economic bonds which we dare not break. Certainly, this will be true if we use our highest intelligence in meeting the situation. As Mr. Roosevelt points out, the great imponderables of prejudice, ignorance, and race hatred may upset us at any time. There are certain factors of safety in the opportunity to absorb much human energy in conquering the tropics, in giving China a new agricultural era with the introduction of capital and machinery, in the extension of the process of industrialization to replace emigration, and in the development of economic, rather than political, bonds between the nations.

The outstanding work of Mr. E. O. Baker upon the relationship of population and agriculture in China is brought out effectively in Mr. Roosevelt's book. We now turn to such population experts to understand more of the future. At the recent meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations, in Honolulu, it was shown that when an emigrant moves out, a baby moves in, and that one of the easiest ways to "emigrate" is to industrialize a country and send its goods abroad for sale.

The attitude taken in this book in regard to the "Open Door" in China is an interesting one. The picture drawn of the United States is that of a book agent with a rather poor book, who managed to get his foot into the door long enough to talk, and has kept it there ever since without doing much but to keep on talking. In view of our tardy interest in the Pacific, and the large interests already held there by other countries, it is just as well that we have, for the most part, been audible on the subject of human rights and the desire of offering a great people a chance to develop their government in their own way. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Roosevelt does not give full importance to the changes going on in the thinking of the Chinese people. Naturally, traditions give way slowly; yet we have seen certain ideas strike the great mass of the Chinese people. They have learned to intercommunicate as never before. The use of the boycott shows their capacity for coöperation, even though it be of a negative character. We who live in California have never forgotten the cutting off of the queues of the Chinese population, almost overnight, when they were convinced that the queue was a badge of servitude to the Manchus. It may be, too, that we have been wrong in our conceptions of race segregation and race purity. Certainly the Chinese are a mixed race, and out of this mixture of peoples has come one of the most durable of all of our human types. As a biological success they have no peers. They need only opportunity. If we unite the opportunity that can come from modern science and modern finance to the industry and fecundity of the Chinese, all of such minor items as the maintenance of old forms, hampering superstitions, and political incapacities will melt away.

One trouble with China is that it has been a nation on the defensive for centuries. China itself has a Great Wall; each of its cities has a wall. When offensive reactions replace those of defense, there is no telling what will happen. Perhaps the most foolish thing in a century has been to place modern arms in the hands of the Chinese and the African. The rest of us can be none too proud of our success in controlling such arms. It seems to me that the best future of China is to be determined by supporting such movements as the Mass Education program and the advance in political thinking among the Chinese, rather than encouraging the military organization which is requisite to secure established peace, but can so readily be overdeveloped.

Mr. Roosevelt gives an interesting sketch of the recent

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changes in Manchuria. We see the Japanese giving it order, the Chinese immigrants flowing in, its products flowing out, and the slow but ceaseless Russian effort to gain an ice-free port. The activities of the Bolsheviks have not changed the fundamental policies of the great continental Russia, seeking always to reach the sea.

A true picture is given of Japan's marvelous rise to its present position, due to its sound citizenship, its high intellectual qualities, and its rapid absorption of the fundamentals of modern civilization. The extent to which the so-called "liberal" spirit will grow in Japan is to be one of the great determining factors in the future of the Pacific. There is no doubt that conceptions of imperialism are changing. Political domination of the type sought by the empires of old is inappropriate to the development of democracies, or of empires where there is a large so-called liberal vote. Imperialism is becoming obscured by interlocking economic interdependence. Economic conceptions are replacing political ones. We want our customers to be prosperous, not weak. We want our sources of raw material and our markets to be sure, not uncertain. Business is seeking freedom from politics, rather than more control by politics. The old-style empires are doomed.

I commend the reading of "The Restless Pacific" to all who want to understand our responsibilities in the Pacific. It will be a good antidote for those slogan-worshipers who must confine their approval or disapproval to a phrase. While one may not agree with all of the interpretations of the facts presented by Mr. Roosevelt, one cannot avoid facing them.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR.

# American Architecture

*The American Architecture of Today, by G. H. Edgell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 401 pages. $6.*

*American Architecture, by Fiske Kimball. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 262 pages. $4.*

*Towards a New Architecture, by Le Corbusier. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. 289 pages. $6.*

THREE books, published at nearly the same time: one looks to the past, one is in transition, and one looks to the future, while all three pretend to talk of the present. This is very odd, and what it really signifies is that one architectural epoch has just pretty definitely closed, and another quietly begun. Dean Edgell writes on the American architecture of today, but what he really conveys to us is how he was dazzled in his youth by the Roman splendor that was—McKim, Mead and White. Fiske Kimball's heart is there too; but his receptive mind has jumped the gap to the new era of mass production and modernism; while Le Corbusier, all electric with the new, actually runs ahead into Utopia. Since building has gone steadily on, despite changes, the three books together serve to give the layman an excellent opportunity to see things in relief.

Mr. Edgell's volume, which is a sort of extended stereopticon lecture, shows its date in the way the camera was set. He likes best to point it at grand monuments, he loves the discussion of historical "vocabularies" and their adaptation, and he speaks with relish, when he can, of chaste refinement in design. That's it: the era of good taste.

Now these are characteristics of the McKim, Mead and White era; but McKim and White were somewhat different from that. In 1895 there were giants in the land, and the land was Empire, and the Empire was magnificent. Stanford White had juice. His "classical" ideas were an incident; uneducated, he picked them up on a honeymoon to Greece and Italy and Rome, where Southern brilliance made him drunk. His "taste" might have horrified a professor; in his house, for instance, there was, among other marvels, a dining-room with one wall of glass, one of Dutch tile, and two of cardboard hung with Italian Majolica plates. Exuberant, colorful power, that was White. McKim was the impeccable one; his biographer speaks of "good breeding": but, if anything, he was even more daringly ambitious and more persuasive than his partner. Daniel Burnham, the Roman organizer of Chicago, was their ally; with St. Gaudens as sculptor, Morgan as patron prince, and the whole government in tow, they developed their program of national magnificence: planning "cities beautiful" from Washington to Manila, building huge railway stations, libraries, millionaires' palaces, capitols; founding the Academy at Rome; hypnotizing men like Cassatt of the Pennsylvania into gorgeously expensive civic zeal—these men were irresistible, and swept all American architecture into their generous wake.

That's what intoxicated Dean Edgell in his youth; but much water has flowed into the wine. The giants opened the way for an eclecticism that ranged far beyond their original Italian Renaissance sources, but as it spread it weakened; eventually even the grand imperial purpose was forgotten. Look at the Gothic Woolworth Tower of Cass Gilbert, or, better, note the enormous range of historical "vocabularies" employed by Goodhue—they are all fairly alike: they have great good taste, amazing dexterity at times, and, as a greater rarity among their contemporaries, good color; they reach a lyric beauty—but the epic gusto is gone! As shown in the book, American architecture *en bloc* has the greatest homogeneity, probably, of any western nation's building, a chaste restraint and delicate finish; it is slick: but you can also call it the most timid of all in expression.

Similarly, where Stanford White blandly went buccaneering for his designs, saying that young dominant nations had always plundered their elders, and justifying himself by his imperious purposes, Dean Edgell confirms the loot with academic judgment. This is fatal; judgment leads to a conscience, conscience to doubts, and in the end the Harvard Dean, though he has set out bravely to snare enemies in "esthetic fallacies," is found on the defensive to an invisible opponent for the period's one great fallacy:

> There is no reason why the designer should not express himself in this [Tudor] vocabulary if he chooses. . . . Using forms derived from Byzantium, but in no way copying. . . . Following a Greek precedent but not imitating a Greek formula. . . .

Such explanations occur on every second page—somebody must have hollered "Copycat!" and it stuck.

So there is no use dwelling on the specific examples so often chosen for the book, of good engineering wrapped in spindly Latin quotations, and decked in the tiresome Corinthian capitals or else Gothic crockets and finials. A new enthusiasm is abroad, something large, inclusive and many-sided, as White was. If the old period was one of imperialistic loot, the new one consists of production; let the name for the old be that of the famous firm, but the problem of the new can be called the Engineer, or, perhaps, the Machine.

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The transition to this new epoch is best felt through the book of Fiske Kimball. Always the most alert and receptive of the professors, his main concern in a brief history seems to have been to set the stage for today. He is to be thanked for pointing out what has been the permanent contribution of the time that has just passed: "In all the welter of experiment, the basic character of our modern work—its measured simplicity and breadth, above all, its clarity, has remained in common."

First, Empire decked in pomp of borrowed forms, then the study of these forms, and then the use of the acquired skill in a new comprehensive purpose; for that you have to go to Lewis Mumford, or to Le Corbusier.

This Le Corbusier is full of charged-up electricity. On a first reading you are most likely to notice the pictures of grain elevators, liners, automobiles, and aeroplanes; next, there is talk of cubes, spheres and cylinders—we are past classicism, in the field of modern art. After that, you find all these things related to the problem of mass production, and you take pause.

For, in his headlong enthusiasm for big industry, the Swiss has plunged right into the center of things and grandly planned not only mass-production houses, but also skyscraper cities; and these, contrasted with Manhattan or with the "cities beautiful," reveal his purposes. That a whole society may have, first of all, "fresh air, green foliage and clear daylight"—these are social aims simple and powerful enough for the Bolsheviki, and almost naïvely revolutionary. Here the problems of "modernism" lie. It is curious that, although Mr. Mumford and the galvanic Swiss are poles apart in temperament and attack, their agreements are yet more striking: splendid possibilities of architecture are bound up with machine industry, but they lie beyond the machine.

DOUGLAS HASKELL.

# The Presidents' Wives

*Mary Todd Lincoln, by Honoré Willsie Morrow. New York: William Morrow and Company. 248 pages. $2.50.*

*Varina Howell: Wife of Jefferson Davis, by Eron Rowland. Vol. I. New York: The Macmillan Company. 499 pages. $3.50.*

NEITHER Mrs. Lincoln nor Mrs. Davis brought much distinction of character to the stirring times in which they lived. For one thing, both were socially ambitious, though as faults of character go, this was a weakness, not an enormity; and all things considered, Mary Lincoln, less sensitive and less intelligent than her contemporary in the Southern White House, had a little the harder time. In 1861 she came, as a renegade Kentuckian, to Washington, where the ladies were mostly from the South, and the manners of her husband only proved to them that she was not a lady because he, obviously, was not a gentleman. She was snubbed, ostracized, gossiped about. She hardly deserved all that, for if she had been decently received, she might have conducted herself decently, and avoided her fatal mistake—which was to strike back. For if the fine ladies of Washington would have none of her, she would show them who she was by outdoing them in finery. When Lincoln was murdered, she owed about twenty thousand dollars for fine clothes. She couldn't pay it; she tried to sell the stuffs; her position became desperate and undignified. The public scandal that followed is still, as Mrs. Morrow says, the most disgraceful episode in American journalism. At last, Charles Sumner put through for her, in the Senate, a pension bill, which had met rude and bitter opposition. And though the rudeness was not wholly creditable, the opposing Senators had the better of the argument: they contended that the martyred President's family, now in private life, were citizens of the democratic state, and—all citizens being equal—had no claim to special benefits.

Varina Howell, reared in Mississippi, was the daughter of a New Jersey emigrant family. As the French who came to Ireland in the seventeenth century were said to become more Irish than the Irish, so the people of Mississippi, and of the whole Lower South in the first quarter of the last century, whose history and antecedents had been very diversified, quickly became intensely Southern. (The Virginians, for example to the contrary, never became wholly "Southern"; they remained "Virginian.") The Howell family was typical of a new ruling class which found itself, as most new ruling classes do, a little self-conscious. Varina Howell's kindness—this is inferred from Mrs. Rowland's text, who is innocent of its significance—her kindness was slightly discriminating, and she could not, as a young woman, forget her difference from the "common people," as the phrase went in those days. Before she met Jefferson Davis, rumor led her to believe that he was not a gentleman: he went hunting in the cane-brakes with his servants. In later years, however, she outgrew much of this attitude; she became simpler and more gracious.

The curious thing about these two biographies is that the defense of character has an almost infallible way of hoisting itself on its own well meaning petard. When Mrs. Morrow tries to show that Mary Lincoln was a "refined lady," she succeeds in making her out a hussy. This, of the friendship between Mrs. Lincoln and Sumner: "Sumner was Mary's type of man, intellectual and of the polite world. . . . Their mutual fondness for French was an immediate bond, and they made the most of it." Sumner, incidentally, is made out to be a fool. Of Varina Howell's first meeting with Calhoun, Mrs. Rowland says: "She had never before met so great a celebrity. She must let him know that she was an aristocrat."

The biography of minor or imperfect figures requires greater personal distinction in the writer than that of the great, who often carry their own distinction with them and give the biographer little chance to betray his own limitations. Mrs. Morrow's defense of Mary Lincoln succeeds in convincing us that she was not as bad as the seventies thought her; worse than Mrs. Morrow thinks she was; and much better than, unconsciously, she makes her out to be. In this book, fact and invention are hopelessly mixed; one long chapter, in particular, devoted to the clearing of Mary Lincoln from the charge of complicity with Mrs. Greenhow, the Confederate spy, is sheer fantasy throughout; the only facts alluded to are distorted, for Mrs. Morrow has the wounded coming to Washington from the Battle of the Antietam in the spring of 1862. The first volume of Mrs. Rowland's account of Varina Howell Davis is execrably written; it is almost impossible to follow the course of events, so buried it is in a repetitious, diffuse, and ungrammatical style. The history of Varina Howell, even after Mrs. Rowland's second volume appears, will remain, we suspect, to be written.

ALLEN TATE.

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# More Behaviorism

*Psychological Care of Infant and Child, by John B. Watson. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 195 pages. $2.*

*The Ways of Behaviorism, by John B. Watson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 144 pages. $3.50.*

REASONING in terms of mutual exclusiveness is a childish device which most adults never outgrow. Five-year-old A will say to five-year-old B, "Let's play house," to which B replies, "No, let's play store," and a deadlock ensues. The exceptional five-year-old may suggest that they play, first house and then store, but it is the rare five-year-old who will suggest that they combine the two games into one.

Business, too, is largely conducted in terms of mutual exclusives. To create a demand for Lux, for example, it would not do at all to advertise it as very much like Ivory Flakes except. . . .

But to indulge in this irreconcilable type of reasoning in matters intellectual is to interfere with enlightenment. More careful and objective analysis of the issues involved usually shows them to be different only in kind and not in degree.

It requires no excessive penetration to conclude that the psychological theory which Watson recapitulates in "The Ways of Behaviorism" and the psychological application which he recommends in "Psychological Care of Infant and Child" differ from that of the older school of psychology only in degree, his reiterations to the contrary notwithstanding. This is true whether we contrast the two schools as to goal, method or conclusions.

Behaviorism is not at all unique in choosing as its goal prediction and control of behavior. It is unique only in its impatience to do so; nor is it unique in its use of the objective method, but rather in its worship of the objective method and of conditioning as the talisman.

The conditioned response, discovered by the Russian physiologist, Pavlov, is in reality a fascinating phenomenon, but much overrated by Watson as to its automaticity, stability, and infallibility. Scarcely is it out of the laboratory before Watson is ready to flood the market with it in characteristic American style.

So implicit is his faith in the conditioned response that he sees in it the instrument for translating the indefinite perfectibility of the human race into immediate reality, and bases upon it his most provocative conclusion that nurture and not nature is responsible for genius, talent and mediocrity. But when he admits that nature is responsible for the inadequate brain equipment of the mental defective, he makes this, his boldest conclusion, differ from the more conservative views again only in degree. For if nature can dole out only so much (quality or quantity) brain to the moron and still less to the idiot, is it likely that above the level of mental defectives all brains are interchangeable? The world is not made up of pigmies and giants, but of a graduation of heights from shortest to tallest. In reality, Watson hopes for no more than do all enlightened people—that each child may have the best possible conditions in which to grow and develop, but he has been conditioned (sic) to "putting things over big."

In a similar fashion, Watson's conclusion that the Behaviorist has no instincts resolves itself only into the shortest list of instincts to date: the principle that thinking is not mental but laryngeal resolves itself into the observation that we think in symbols and that the process is accompanied by bodily changes. To this the conservative psychologist agrees, but without promising to show no further curiosity. Nor should we grow too impatient with him for continuing to fuss with memory, instead of accepting as final Watson's explanation that it is the ability to remember what has been experienced.

We have been thoroughly convinced that business may be profitably psychologized, but we continue to view with disapproval the commercializing of psychology.

AUGUSTA ALPERT.

# Mr. Quaver

*Monsieur Croche, the Dilettante Hater, by Claude Debussy. New York: The Viking Press. 212 pages. $2.*

EXPECTING to find "Monsieur Croche" a mouthpiece for criticism so vitriolic that a composer of suave and dreamy music would hesitate to apply it to his peers, I read this book with trepidation. Especially I expected to blush for pages under the abuse which he would heap upon the musical amateur and dilettante.

It is true that the book is full of almost Whistlerian hates and prejudices, expressed in caustic Gallic epigrams. Debussy disliked Massenet and Grieg and the Paris Opera House, which he compared to both a railway station and a Turkish bath; and prizes and the "Unfinished Symphony" and the symphonic form itself and bored audiences. If he hated dilettantes, he did not take the trouble to abuse or even define them; instead, he condemned certain kinds of professionals in the warmest terms—histrionic conductors and specialists who play a single instrument, and virtuosi in general. "The attraction of the virtuoso for the public is very like that of the circus for the crowd. There is always a hope that something dangerous may happen; Mr. Ysaye may play the violin with Mr. Colonne on his shoulders; or Mr. Pugno may conclude his piece by lifting the piano with his teeth." (The names have been edited out of this passage, but a footnote gives the original.) Dislike of specialists implies at least a negative approval for honest amateurs. I went on to M. Debussy's admirations.

For he is generous enough to love as warmly as he hates—on the whole more Nietzsche than Whistler, even in his dislike (which Lawrence Gilman in the foreword tells us was acquired) of Wagner. He loves Rameau and Bach and Moussorgsky, and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," and a sonata by Dukas. He admits that it is partly patriotism that makes him prefer Rameau to Gluck, and he has kind words for most French composers, including Gounod and d'Indy and Berlioz.

It is a dangerously quotable book, composed as it is of fugitive essays which even the publisher's notes and index cannot make scholarly. A phrase which was made to point an epigram is likely to be taken as the author's mature judgment on some composer, even if it is qualified a few pages later. But if you will remember to supply the qualifications you may enjoy the following:

> Wagner was a strolling player on the heroic plane.
>
> Grieg sets out, like Solness in "The Master Builder" . . . "to build homes for human beings. Cosy, happy homes. . . . "
>
> Bach never "pleased" in the sense of the word as applied to Massenet. Has one ever heard of young milliners humming "The Passion according to St. Matthew"?

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One might say without irony that Berlioz has always been the favorite musician of those who do not know much about music.

[Of Chopin]: He was fertile in ideas, which he often invested without demanding that 100 percent on the transaction which is the brightest halo of some of our Masters.

[Of Cortot's conducting]: He swoops round to the trombones, adjuring them with an eloquent gesture that might be translated: "Now my lads! Put some go into it! Try to be super-trombones!" and the obedient trombones conscientiously do their best to swallow the brass tubes. It is only fair to add that Cortot understands the innermost secrets of Wagner and is himself a perfect musician.

[Of César Franck]: No power on earth can induce him to interrupt a period which he considers just and necessary; however long it is, it must be gone through. This is the hall-mark of an imagination so selfless as to check its very sobs unless it has first tested their genuineness.

MARIAN TYLER.

# Recent Fiction

*Hanging Johnny, by Myrtle Johnston. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.*

THE insistence of publishers upon youth in a new writer as relevant to the value of a novel inflames all the natural perversity of the reviewer and makes it an act of lofty liberality to admit—as we are here compelled to—that "Hanging Johnny" *is* an absorbing, imaginative, well constructed tale. The theme, suggested by an old sea-chanty, is the fate that follows the hangman—in Miss Johnston's story, a simple, broodingly poetic soul, who wins the protective love and managing loyalty of a practical woman, and is driven mad by the discrepancy between his life and his dreams. The slowly gathering oppression of Johnny's mind under Anna's struggle for respectability at any cost to his hag-ridden conscience is effectively developed. A fanatical priest shadows his days—a pursuing incubus from the old prison life. The pitiful tavern slattern, Rosa Fogarty, loves him and—sheltering him by a false confession—dies by his own rope. Distraction looms and darkens with the crucial horror of Johnny's last "hanging for money," and then breaks into his insane flight to the priest for pardon and sanctuary—where Anna's gallant, desperate common sense is powerless. The tragic movement of the tale sweeps forward almost unbroken. The book is satisfying in manner and method as well as in material interest, and—we concede this to the "first novel of genius" clamor—arouses an eager curiosity to see what Miss Johnston will write next.

*The Earthen Lot, by Bradda Field. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

THE earthen lot, according to this new novelist, appears to be loneliness against varied backgrounds. Victoria Tresidder, a forlorn little Navy orphan, quits Malta and its dimming tragedies for the smirched respectability and moral starvation of her grandfather's house in England. There the bleakness of existence is somewhat mitigated by looking on at the drama of the grown-ups—the amorous escapades of a Semitic step-grandmother, the neurotic and mystical adventures of a younger maiden aunt, and the mean tyranny of the elder over her genial but senile father. A starveling romance of her own springs miraculously from the sour and stony soil of Victoria's youth, and the midshipman of her younger aunt's early infatuation—now a professional musician—carries her out of the debris of Tresidder respectability to a married life different only in the aspect of its misery. Although consistently tragic in incident, the book transmits a persistent illusion of hopefulness. The reader somehow shares Victoria's incorrigible faith in change and in her Colin—through successive proofs of his heartlessness. Even in the culminating disillusionment, something—perhaps the casual common kindliness of chance associates—gleams through despair and catches imagination beyond the immediate catastrophe.

It is surprising that a story (particularly a first novel) told with such deep imaginative feeling—and in spite of an unbroken descent into pathos—should never become mawkish. With an extraordinary combination of sensitiveness, sustained and progressive emotional interest, and fine reticence, Miss Field proves triumphantly her competence to present any subsequent material.

*The Axe, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.*

SIGRID UNDSET'S simple concern with the story she has to tell appears—in this first book of her new epic trilogy—as a surprising departure from current literary modes. The cold clarity of her style gives a refreshing shock like drinking from an icy spring, and makes rather breathless reading of a somewhat protracted romance. The tale describes the rugged and difficult course of young love in medieval Norway, where the power of the clan was only transcended by that of the Church. Olav Audunsson and Ingunn Steinfinnsdatter are betrothed in childhood, and their childish comradeship merges in the rising stream of first love with hardly a ripple of disturbing emotion. A paradoxical mingling of candor, reticence and tenderness gives the recital a character indescribably youthful and touching as it follows the lovers' course. The current of emotion swells and surges against the rough-hewn barriers of feudal *mores*—tyrannical social authorities of a pure and primitive civilization based upon an inexorable code of personal honor. The flood, constrained to futile turbulence in its tragic deflection, swirls, eddies and sweeps at last over shattering catastrophe into a somber acceptance of altered condition that is hardly more than an alleviation of despair. The book is powerful, although broken in progression—crystalline in its simplicity and effective in dramatic illusion. Reading it, one awaits the further development of Olav Audunsson's saga with the special eagerness aroused by the promise of veracious and original art.

D. B. W.

## Contributors

FRANK H. SIMONDS is a well known writer on international affairs and the author of "They Shall Not Pass—Verdun, 1916," and "History of the World War."

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